

Moral and Political
FABLES

ANCIENT and MODERN.

Done into Measured PROSE
intermixed with RYME.

By Dr. WALTER POPE,
Fellow of the ROYAL SOCIETY.

*Omne talis punctum, qui misit Hic, Dedit.
Lectorem Delibando, peritque Munda, Hoc.*

L O N D O N :

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Moral and Political

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ALLEGORICAL AND MODERN

By the Author of the

ALLEGORICAL HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

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OF THE

To the Right Honourable

Sir JOHN HOLT, Kc.

Lord Chief Justice of England,

And one of HIS MAJESTY'S

Most Honourable PRIVY-COUNCIL.

My LORD,

THAT I have no reason to be inamour'd
with the Proceedings in Westminster-
Hall, having from thence been grievously harass'd
by a tedious, expensive, litigious and tedious
Process, and suffer'd great Hardship, even by
the Confession of my Adversaries, yet I have a
Profound Veneration for all Learned, Honest,
Upright and Impartial Judges, amongst whom
Your Lordship may justly challenge the Chiefest
Place, as it is notoriously known, and grate-
fully own'd by the whole Kingdom; And
cannot but be True, for, The Voice of the
People is the Voice of God.

Epistle Dedicatory.

It is upon this Account only, that I presume to Dedicate this small Treatise to Your Lordship, begging your Pardon for this Boldness, proceeding from one, who has no other Knowledge of Your Lordship, than by Hear-say, and Report.

But from what manner of Report? Not an uncertain Rumour, whispered in Corners, by a Few Partial, Bribe, and Servile Flatterers; But Proclaim'd Aloud in the Market-Places, by an Universal, Irresistible, Uncontradicted Blast of Fame, and Supported by the Concurrence Suffrages of All Wise, Learned, Virtuous, and Just Men.

My Lord, I am sensible, that I injure the Public, in so long detaining Your Lordship from doing Good, in your Eminent Station.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Most Humble Servant,

WALTER POPE.

Moral and Political

FABLES.

FABLE I.

The Fox changing his Prayers.

THro a Walls narrow Cleft a Fox Espied
Much Poultry feeding in a Farmers
Yard,

Fearing it might his Enterance retard,
He desir'd *Jupiter* to make it wide.
Being got in and having seiz'd a Hen,
As he was carrying it, with joy, to's Den,
He saw a Dog at's heels, and O *Jove* cryd,
Make the Hole narrower, it is now too wide.

The MORAL.

Mens Wishes alter with their Interest.

B

FAB.

F A B. II.

Two Pots.

TWO Pots were carried down a rapid Stream
 One of cast Iron made, one of bakd Clay.
 The lightest of the two, which swifter saild,
 And left the heavy Iron Pot behind,
 Who in great fear of sinking, cryd aloud,
 Dear Sister stay; let us unite our force
 The better to resist th' impetuous Waves:
 That must not be, the Earthen Pot replyd,
 For if one on the other should fall foul,
 Who'll have the worst; tis easie to foretel,
 Your Iron-sides will break my brittle Shell.

The M O R A L.

*Shun both extremes, each of them danger brings:
 Be not Familiar, nor contend with Kings.*

Another Parafrase of the same.

Out of a Millers House a sudden Flood
 Carried two Vessels, one of Potters Earth,
 And one of heavy solid Metal made.
 The Earthen Pot the other oversaild,
 Dancing upon the Billows like a Cork;
 But her Companion, who much Water drew,
 And slowly movd, finding he strove in vain

T' orectake

POLITICAL FABLES. 7

T' oretake her, she was got so far before:
 He cryd aloud, Sister, dear Sister stay
 For your old Friend, hear what I have to say:
 Lets make this perilous Voyage hand in hand,
 And spend the time in Conference till we land.
 Sir, said the Earthen Pot, it grieves me much
 I cannot now comply with your desire;
 For if we should by chance together knock,
 What will become of me poor brittle Crock?
 Who can secure me from your Iron Frock?

F A B. III.

The Fox and Hedghog.

A Fox, much tired with swimming cross a Stream
 Being got to th' farther side stuck in the mud
 Near him, upon the Bank, in ambush lay
 A swarm of hungry Flies, expecting Prey;
 These, when they saw the Fox in that sad plight,
 Down from the Bushes made a speedy flight;
 Settled upon his Back and drunk his Blood.
 By chance a neighb'ring Hedghog past that way,
 And saw the Fox as in the Owze he lay,
 And thus to him he spake, Command me Sir,
 I wish my Power were equal to my Will;
 I have not strength to pull you out o' th' mire,
 But if you please I'll rid you of those Flies.
 The Fox replyd, I'd rather they should stay,
 They've filld their Bellies, they have done their
 If they should be removd, a hungry Brood (worst,
 Will come and suck the remnant of my Blood.

4. 2. 3. 1. MORAL and 10

The MORAL.
*Rather shall Inconveniencies endure,
 Than by removing them greater procure.*

FAB. IV. **The two Affes.**

TWO laden Affes travelld the same way,
 One carrying Sponges and the other Salt:
 The last, scarce able to support his Load,
 Fell down in a deep Brook which cross't the Road,
 When thence he had swam to the farther Bank,
 He found there was no Burthen on his back,
 And merrily trudg'd on with's empty Sack.
 The other Als perceiving this Event,
 Resolv'd to try the same Experiment;
 And lay down in the deepest part o' th' Ford,
 But never rose again; the Sponges swell'd
 With imbib'd moisture, were so heavy grown,
 That they lay like a Millstone on his back.

The MORAL.
One Remedy will not cure all Diseases.

POLITICAL FABLES.

and bid, therefore, will not let me follow him
 a few of which I have divided as well as
 The Lamb and Wolf.

A Lamb, out of a Room three Stories high,
 Raild at a Wolf, as he was passing by,
 Calling him ravenous Beast, Murderer, Thief,
 And all the opprobrious Names he could rake up.
 The Wolf marchd gravely on as unconcern'd;
 Yet he was heard to say, as he withdrew,
 It is the place rails at me, tis not you.

The MORAL.

Poor Men, well backd, dare speak against the Rich.

FAB. VI.

The Hunting-Match.

THE Lion, Fox and As together met,
 And for a solemn Hunting set a day:
 They went and had the luck to take much Game;
 The Lion bids the As divide the Prey,
 He obeyd, and made thereof three equal parts;
 The Lion taking this for an affront,
 Killd him o'th' spot, then put the Fox upon't
 To make a new division. The Fox
 All the best pieces laid upon one heap,

Leaving a little of the worst for's felt;
 Which when the Lion saw, Brother, said he,
 In what School learnt you to divide so well?
 The punishment inflicted on the As,
 The cunning Fox replyd, taught me this skill.

The MORAL

Dangers which befall Fools instruct the Wise.

Another.

Hunt not with Lions, contend not with Kings.

Another out of Jac. Catts.

*Sijt ghy een Esel inder daet,
 En kiest geen leeu tot mede-maet.*

That is,

To be an Ass if tis thy fate,
 Choose not a Lion for thy Mate.

Another out of the same.

*Met groote Beeren ist quaet Kerken eten,
 Sy kiesen de grootste, en schieten met de steenen*

That is,

Tis ill eating Cherries with your Superiors,
 They will chuse the best, and squirt the stones
 into your eyes.

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FAB. VII.

The two thirsty Frogs.

TWO Frogs, who wanting Water, were constrained

Their antient Habitations to desert,
Made many a weary step, until at last
They in a deep Wells bottom water found.
Which seen, one said let us leap in and drink;
To whom the wiser Frog this answer made,
Let's look before we leap, for if the Drought
Should last, and water fail us in this Well,
How can we live here? how can we get out?

The MORAL.

First eye the end, and then begin to act.

FAB. VIII.

Mercury and the Carver.

TO try in what Esteem he was on Earth,
Mercury, in a human shape came down
From Heaven, and went into a Carvers Shop:
Seeing the Effigies of Thundering *Jove*,
He asked to what its purchase might amount,
The Carver answerd Fifty pounds at least;
Mercury smild to find *Joves* Price so low,

THE MORAL and ILLI

And next inquir'd, how *Juno* would be sold,
To whom the Carver, that will Cost you more,
The Drapery makes it dear; tis worth Threescore.
Then pointing at his own Effigies, sayd
And for that *Mercury* what must be payd?
Expecting an Exorbitant demand;
The Carver answerd, *Four*; or *Juno* buy,
And into th' bargain, I'll throw *Mercury*.

They have no Merit who think they have most.

FAB. IX.

The Man and Satyr.

A Satyr, and a Man, for a long time
Livd in great Friendship, which was thus
broke off,

The Man, in a cold Season breathd on's hands,
And was by the Satyr askd why he did so,
I do it, sayd he, to warm my Frozen hands.

Another time, the Man blowd on his Broth,
Which, to the Table boyling hot was brought,
The Satyr askd, and now, why do you blow,
To make my Portage cool and fit to eat.

The Man replyd: which when the Satyr heard,
He in a fury rose, and left the house,
I'll to the Woods again, Mankind adieu.

He

POLITICAL FABLES 99

He sayd, with those I will not Friendship hold,
Who, out of the same Mouth, blow Hot and Cold.

FAB. MORAL.

Trust not a Man thou findest in Various Tales.

*AN Ass put on a Lions skin, and ran
About the Woods, and terrified the Beasts,
And thought to put the same Trick on the Fox,
But he had heard him brag, and to him said,
The Ass and horse.*

AN Ass, in the same Stable, saw a Horse
Constantly fed with Oats, carefully Drest,
Well Litter'd and well Cloath'd; ready to Burst
With Envy, he his own condition Curst,
For T, said he, am always carrying Loads,
And forced to feed on Thistles in the Roads;
And when I am at home, can scarce get Straw
Enough, to satisfy my craving Maw.
But when he saw the Horse go out to War,
Carrying an Armed Soldier on his Back,
Rushing into the midst of Hostile Troops,
Spurr'd, Wounded, Lean, half starv'd, he chang'd
his Mind,
And thought himself the Happier of the two.

*The Moral is given by the Poet.
The Crow, perch'd on a tree, and thus reply'd
If Poor Men knew what Troubles Grandsirs bring,
They would not envy Potentates and Kings.
Give heed to Alms, make solemn Vows, Repent*

FAB. XI.

The **Afs** and **Fox**.

AN Afs put on a Lions Skin, and ran
 About the Woods, and terrifyd the Beasts,
 And thought to put the same Trick on the Fox,
 But he had heard him Bray, and to him said,
 I knew thy Voice, else I had been afraid.

The MORAL.

Rich Rabes cannot conceal a Fool that Talks.

FAB. XII.

The **Crow** and **Minerva**.

ACrow to Pallas made a Sacrifice,
 And to the East invites a Neighbouring Dog,
 Who as a sincere Friend, thus to him Spoke:
 Why are you at this vast Expence? tis lost,
 You strive in vain to appease the Angry Gods,
 They hate you Mortally, and have decreed
 No faith be given to your Auguries.
 The Crow, fetchd a deep Sigh, and thus replyd,
 I know I'm out of Favour with the Gods,
 Yet I will not Despair, I'll Sacrifice,
 Give frequent Alms, make solemn Vows, Repent,
 And

And with repeated Prayers I'll Heaven Torment,
And not desist until the Gods relent.

THE MORAL.

Constant Devotions, Prayers, Repentance, Alms,
Storm Heaven, and appease the Angry Gods.

F A B. XIII.

The Country-man and the Horseman.

A Country man carrying a Hare to sell
At the next Market Town, a Horseman met,
Who seiz'd the Hare in's hand, and ask'd the price,
Then spurring's Horse, bore it off in a Trice:
The Country-man thus Cheated of the Hare,
Call'd after him that took it, Friend a Word,
I give it you, when it comes to your Board,
Do not forget to Drink the Founders Health.

THE MORAL.

Of a bad Market Wise Men make the Best.

And with repeated Prayers I'll Heaven's Torment
And not desist until the Gods relent.

F A B. XIV.

THE MORAL
The Dog and Shadow.

A Dog, with Flesh in's Mouth, crossing the River
Perceiv'd his Shadow in the Stream below,
And byth' Refraction of the Rays deceiv'd,
He th' Objects greater than they were believ'd;
Greater the Dog, greater the piece of Flesh,
Satchel of which he dropt his own, and said
Good Gods, how bad a Bargain have I made,
I have lost the Substance, grasping at the Shade;
Have I not wisely manag'd this Affair?
To quit a Bird in Hand for one in the Air?
The Moral man in the Country-man
Call'd after him that took it, Friend a Word,
Buy not Hope dear, I am not a Turk, in Hind,
For all the Bustards of Sal'sbury Plain.

THE MORAL

F A B. XV.

THE MORAL
The Weasels and Bat.

A Weasel caught a Bat, who humbly begg'd
That he would spare his life, and set him free.
The Weasel answerd, No, that cannot be,
For I am a sworn Enemy to all Birds.
I am no Bird, the Bat replyd, and shewd

Her

POLITICAL FABLES. 13

Her featherless Belly, and her naked Breasts,
And Teats, wherewith she gave her young ones
Her Milk; which when the Weasel saw, he let her go.
The same Bat, by mischance, another time,
Into another Weasels Clutches fell,
And made the same request. It is in vain,
The Weasel answerd, for I spare no Mice.
I am a Bird, said she, and shewd her Wings,
And, thus twice changing Names, sav'd his life twice.

The MORAL.

That Mouse, who has but one Hole, is soon caught.

FAB. XVI

The two Dogs and Cook.

A Certain Man, upon a Solemn day,
Invited an old Friend to a great Feast;
And his Dog too invites the Dog o' th' Guest,
Who at the time appointed came, and saw
The several Dishes in due order rang'd;
Pleas'd with this Sight, thus to himself he said,
Lord, what a Dinner shall I have to day!
I never shall be pinch'd with hunger more;
Wagging his Tail, in token of delight;
The rasty Cook, perceiving a strange Dog,
Took him by th' Tail, gave him a sudden toss,
And thro' the Kitchen Window made him pass.

Thence

Thence down he fell into the Street, half dead.
 As he went reeling home, he met a Friend,
 Who askd him how he likd that sumptuous Feast?
 To tell the truth, the bruised Dog replyd;
 I eat, and drank, and made such a Debauch,
 I know not which way I came out o' th' House.

The MORAL.
*Nothing from these expect, who undertake
 To give large Thongs out of anothers Hide.*

F A B. XVII.

The Lion and Beasts.

ALL the Beasts went to visit their sick King,
 Except the Fox. The Wolf laid hold on this
 Neglect, to make him odious at Court,
 And thus his Accusation began;
 What Pretence, what Exemption can he plead;
 For not making his Court, as well as we?
 Tis an Affront not to be born by Kings.
 I know his heart, he hopes to see you dead,
 And the Crown plac'd on an Usurpers Head.
 The Wolfs last words were overheard by th' Fox;
 At th' entrance of the Cave, yet he came in,
 And creeping on his Belly towards the Throne,
 Humbly desired an Audience, and thus spoke.
 Sir, there's not any one of all the Beasts
 Has been so careful of your Health as I;

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I have traveld all about the World, I have seen
 The best Fyficians, I have inquired of all,
 And at last found a Cure for my sick King,
 Tis this; In a Wolfs Skin you must be wrapt,
 While tis yet warm, and newly taken off.
 The Lion said, this Remedy is at hand,
 And to uncase the Wolf gave his Command.
 As the Wolfs Skin was pulling ore his Ears,
 The Fox playd on him with his bitter Jeers,
 Is this, said he, a Drefs fit for the Court?
 Or are you, from a Cook, a Wrestler turnd?

The MORAL.

*So may all those succeed, who dare abuse
 Kings Favours, to destroy the Innocent.*

Another MORAL.

*They who design Wrongs, ought to be betrayd,
 And caught i th' Snares, which they for others laid.*

A Third MORAL out of J. C.

Wie andreen netten spant, valt der selver in.

That is,

*He that lays Snares for others, is often caught
 himself.*

I have been

The best Physician I have known of all

And at last found my sick King

This is; in a Word you must be wiser

While its yet well taken off

The Lion said, this Remedy is at hand

A Fox was by the Tail caught in a Snare,
And to get loose no other means could find
Than this, to bite it off, and leave it behind;
And so he did, without further delay,
Not daring remain there till break of day.
Having escap'd this Danger, home he went,
But being ashamed to appear before his Friends
In that undecent Garb, he laid a Plot
To make the rest of all Foxes quit their Tails;
And on a day, when the Chief Foxes met,
To make good Laws, and Grievances redress,
He made a set Harangue against Long Trains:
He said, they were a heavy, useless Load,
For nothing good, unless to sweep the Road
To gather dirt, and filth, and tire the wearer:
And would have gone on farther, when a Fox
Replyd, Dear Brother when you had that Tail,
That odious Tail, which you declaim against,
Why did you not propose this Useful Law?

The MORAL.

To serve the Commonwealth more pretend
When private Interest is their chiefest End

FAB. XIX.

The Eel and Snake.

AN Eel inquired of his old Friend the Snake,
 How't came to pass, the Family of Eels
 Were so much persecuted by Mankind,
 Who every day, and hour, new ways contriv'd
 To find them out, tho' under Waters hid,
 I'th' Mud, and in the Rivers hollow Banks,
 And yet, you Snakes, who are so like to us,
 That one can scarce be from the other known,
 Without disturbance, live i'th' open Fields?
 The Snake replyd, our Humour's too well known,
 We're not of a sedate, and repos'd Flegm,
 Design'd by nature to endure affronts,
 Those we receive, with Usury we return.

The MORAL.

The Wolf eats him, who makes himself a Lamb.

FAB. XX.

The Ass and Image.

THE Passengers, upon their bended knees,
 Ador'd the Image of a Heathen God,
 Born by an Ass, this puff'd him up with Pride,

C

And

And made him think this Honour done to him,
 Stubborn and Restive instantly he grows,
 And would no farther carry his *RARE CHOSE*.
 The Driver gave him many a Bastonade,
 And by those, forced to obey the unwilling Jade
 And as he passd thro' the Adoring throng,
 He cryd aloud, that all of them might hear,
 Thou art an Ass, though thou a God dost bear.

The M O R A L.

Let Magistrates consider they're but Men.

F A B. XXI.

The Mule.

A Well-fed pamperd Mule talkt thus to himself,
 I am fat, I am handsome, I am swift of foot,
 My Father was a Horse with Golden Trappings.
 But being forced to run, he soon did tire,
 And then confesd a dull Ass was his Sire.

The M O R A L.

*Prosperity makes Men forget their selves,
 Then we know what we are, when Fortune frowns.*

F A B. XXII.

The Swallow and Birds.

A Certain Farmer sowd a Field with Flax,
When that Plant was not well known in the
World,

Being resolv'd to try what 'twould produce,
Not thinking it would prove of so great use,
Feed, and employ so many thousand Poor.

A Swallow, who had traveld far, and knew
To what use it was put in remote Parts,
Fearing that Mode might be there introduc'd,
Causd all the Birds to meet in Parliament,

Told them th' Effect of that pernicious Plant,
And what they must expect when 'twas grown up;

To th' place where'ts sown by general consent,
Let's go, said he, and pick up every Seed,
And so secure our Nation from that Weed.

But they laugh'd at him for a fearful Fool,
The Flax springs up, which he beheld with grief,
And desird all the Birds to meet again,

You see, said he, that Plant begins to mount
His Head above the Earth, now while 'tis young,
Let us all go, and pull't up by the root.

They laugh'd, and one replyd, Pray Sir go you,
We trouble not our heads with future things.

In a short time the Flax was ripe, and pluckt,
And thousand Nets in every Field were spread
Upon the Rivers Banks, and in the Woods,

And then the Swallow met the Birds again,
 And found them sad, and heard them all complain,
 How many of their Kindred had been slain,
 How many Prisoners were in Iron Cages;
 'Tis now too late, said he, with patience bear
 The Miseries you have drawn upon your selves,
 Which I foretold, and shewd how to prevent,
 Movd by the Public Interest, not mine own,
 For then, I knew how to secure my self
 Against the Miseries which I foresaw.
 Now I am safe, having made Peace with Man,
 Which I'm convincd none of you ever can;
 I live in's House, and please him with my Song,
 And under such protection, fear no wrong.

The M O R A L.

They justly suffer who reject Advice.

F A B. XXIII.

The Flie and Chariots.

Several Chariots were to run a Match,
 On one of them, in a convenient place,
 A Flie placed himself, to see the Race.
 The Sign was given, they running with full speed,
 Raisd a prodigious quantity of Dust,
 Enouf to 'bscure the brightest Rays o'th' Sun,
 Then said the Flie to himself, How Great am I?
 With what ease have I filld the Sky with Dust?

The

The MORAL.

'Tis foolish to usurp anothers Praise.

FAB. XXIV.

The Master and Dogs.

A Great Snow fell, and lying long, confin'd
A Country Gentleman to his Mansion House,
Until all his Provisions were consum'd;
Finding at length, no succour could be had
From the next Village, or the neighboring Towns,
The Snow had made the Ways so deep, and bad;
He first his Poultry killd, and then his Sheep,
At last, the Oxen too, which Tilld his Ground.
Which when the Dogs perceivd, in a great fright,
They left the House, to save their lives by flight.
For if he has no mercy on those Beasts,
One of them said, whose Labours gain him Bread,
What can we look for, who by him are fed?

The MORAL.

*When on the Righteous Affliction falls,
With what face can the Wicked hope to escape?*

F A B. XXV.

The Ape and Fox.

AT a great Ball, made by the Beasts, an Ape
 Danc'd to the Admiration of them all,
 And was by the Majority chose King.
 The Fox envying him this high Degree,
 Could not with any patience behold
 An Ape i'th' Throne, wearing a Crown of Gold.
 Yet, least the King his discontent should smoke,
 To him he went, and in this manner spoke;
 May the Gods bless you with a prosperous Reign
 Who is not for you now you are our King?
 I know a Place where a great Treasure's hid,
 Which by the Law o'th' Land belongs to you,
 And thither I'll conduct you, if you please.
 The Credulous Ape believ'd the Crafty Fox,
 And follow'd him thro' may an uncouth Path,
 Until at last he fell into a Toil.
 Finding himself past hope of getting free,
 He curs'd the Fox for this disloyal Fact,
 And call'd him Traytor: To which he replyd,
 How can you manage weighty State Affairs,
 Who are with so much ease drawn into Snares?

The M O R A L.

Fools in Authority shew what they are.

Out of Italian.

*La Scinda quanto piu in alto Sale
Tanto piu scuopre le sue vergogne.*

That is,

*The higher the Ape climbs, the more he discovers
nakedness.*

Out of J. C.

**Als Apen hooge klimmen willen,
Dan siet men eerst haer naeckte billen.**

Or,

**Eis seker, als een Aep wil klimmen in den Spriet,
Dan islet, dat man eerst sijn naeckte billen siet.**

That is,

*Then when an Ape is Eminently High,
His naked Breech is seen by every Eye.*

F A B. XXVI.

The Lion, Ass and Fox.

A Fox and Ass together went to Hunt,
 And in the Woods they a fierce Lion met,
 The Fox trembling with fear, had his recourse
 To his usual Arts, and thus toth' Lion spoke ;
 Grant me your Pardon Sir, and I'll betray
 This stupid Ass into your Royal hands,
 This said, he led the Ass into a Snare.
 The Lion pleas'd to see that part of's Prey
 Secure, reserv'd it for another day,
 And of the Foxes Flesh made his first Meal.

The M O R A L.

Treason is often loud, but Traytors never.

F A B. XXVII.

The Fox and Grapes.

A Hungry Fox saw hanging on an Elm
 Ripe Grapes, and leap'd, and leap'd at 'em in
 vain,
 At last despairing of success, retir'd,
 And said, 'Tis well I miss'd them, they are sowre.

The

The MORAL.

*When cunning Men find all Endeavours vain,
They seem to slight, what they despair to obtain.*

F A B. XXVIII.

The Ants and Grasshopper.

ON a clear Winters day, a troop of Ants
Brought out their Corn, to dry it by the Sun,
A hungry Grasshopper passing that way,
Saw their great plenty, and demanded Alms,
To whom an Aged Ant made this return ;
What business had you, Friend in Summer time,
When Corn profferd it self in every Field,
That you did not lay in your Winters Store ?
The Grasshopper replyd, all Summer long,
I Travellers delighted with my Song.
To whom the Ant, we'll no supplies advance,
Who Sing in Summer, must in Winter Dance,

The MORAL.

P'sb' Summer of your Youth provide for Age.

Another MORAL out of J. C.

*Vergadert graen in uwe Schueren,
De Oogstien sal niet lange dueren,*

That

That is,

*Against Winter lay in Grain,
Harvest will not long remain.*

Another out of J. C.

God is een rieke Bozn hy spijsst de wilde dieren,
Het 3p, die in het wout of om den oever swieren,
Maer schoon hij yder heeft sin eygen voedsel biet,
Noch voedt hij even wel de leupe hupcken niet,
Geen Mensch, of ander Dier, en late sich bedrogen
At watter spijsse soeckt, moet loopen, rennen, bliegen
Die Dog, die sit en geewet, of leupert, in den kuypl
Hout wel de poten droogh, maer krijght niet in
den mupl.

Al watter adem heeft, behoortet aen te merken,
Dat wat van Adam kompt bevolen is to werken.
Wie geen beroep en heeft, en niet ter werelt doet.
En heeft geen vassen troost waer op hy wort gevoet.

That is,

God keeps a plenteous Magazene, and thence
Does to the whole Creation Food dispence,
To Fowls i'th' Air, to Fishes in the Deep,
To Worms, who i'th' Earths hollow Entrails creep,
To Beasts, that graze upon ten thousand Hills,
But never any lazy Belly fills.
Who will not Work, unworthy is to Eat,
All Adams Sons must live by their Brows sweat.
The Fox, who in his Den, does gaping lye,
Keeps not only his Feet, but his Throat dry.

Who

*Who nothing has, and is to no Art bred,
Where's his assurance, to be cloath'd, or fed?*

To this purpose see more at the end of the 82. FABLE.

FABLE XXIX.

Mercury and a Woodward.

A Country Man, lopping a Willow Tree,
Whose Boughs hung o'er a Stream, let fall
his Ax,

And fate lamenting by the River side,
Crying, he was undone, he had lost his All,
His Instrument by which he gain'd his bread.

To him *Hermes* appear'd, and proffer'd aid,
And when he had heard the *Woodward* Story, divid,
And out o'th' River brought a Golden Ax,
Then ask'd the Country Man if it were his.
No Sir, said he, I never was so Rich.

Mercury divid again, and in his Hand
Brought up another Ax of Silver made,
Toth' Country Man he the same question puts,
And the same answer as before receives.

He dives again, and found an Iron Ax,
At sight of which the joyful Man cryd out,
Sir that is mine, I give you many thanks.

Hermes admiring his tryd Honesty,
Bestow'd them all on him, and sent him home.

When this was noisd about, a Crafty Clown
To the same place repairs, throws in his Ax,

And

And then sat down, filling the Air with Cries.
Mercury proffers to repair his loss,
 And diving, from the Rivers bottom brought
 A Golden Ax, which when the Clown espied,
 That's mine, by *Jove* 'tis mine, aloud he cried.
 But *Mercury* detesting this foul Lie,
 Threw't in again, and strait to Heaven did fly.

The M O R A L

*God often makes those who are Honest Rich,
 And brings to Beggery Evil Doers.*

F A B. XXX.

The Wolf and Dog

IN a small Country Town, a Hungry Wolf
 Saw a Dog sleep before his Masters Gate,
 And took him up in's mouth, with a design,
 In a more private place, on him to Dine.
 The Dog humbly desired a short reprieve,
 Urging, that he was lean, and not good Meat,
 But in a few days he'd be fit to eat.
 There will, said he, to morrow at our House
 A Wedding and a sumptuous Feast be kept,
 With all Varieties the Country yields,
 There I shall eat my fill, and make my Flesh
 More tender, fat, delicious and wholesome,
 Fit for your Palate, then at your command,
 I'll freely put my self into your hand.

This

This prevaild with the Wolf to let him go.
 After some time, the Wolf returning, saw
 The same Dog sleeping on the top o' th' House,
 Whom with fair words designing to Cajole,
 Come down, said he, don't forfeit your Parole,
 That sacred Promise made in your distress,
 Come down, fear not, I'll Treat you as a Friend.
 The Dog replyed, I must not stir from hence,
 Here I am Centinel by my Master plac'd,
 Let this suffice, when you catch me again,
 I'll neither beg a Pardon, or Reprieve,
 Nor with pretended Weddings, Fob you off.

The MORAL.

No wise Man falls into the same Snare twice.

Another MORAL out of J. C.

Een Dog, die aen het lijf den strick eens boelde
 pangen,

Is naemeels wonder schouw, en qualijck om te
 vangen.

Een visch, die eens den haeck wert in het aers
 gewaer,

Wat vreesdtsel dat se vint daer breefsse woꝝ gebaer.

Een schaep, dat eens den Wolf is upten mont ge-
 nomen,

Wil naen sijn Harders hont omtrent hem laten
 komen.

Een dups, wel eer ontsnapt de klaeutwen van den
 Dalck,

Al wasse woꝝt ijs slecht, die woꝝt ten lesten schalck.

Een Mench, die in den storm eens schipbreuc heeft,
 geleden, Drees

Dreest oock een stille ree, en buy niet sonder reden.
Een Hout, die eens het lijf van lode was ver-
schroeyt

Schriekt oock boz killig nat, dat in de becker
vloeyt,

Een gups-man, in het wout eens van de slangh
gesien,

Of schoon hem al de gif is upten been gesien
Die houderet voor verdacht, so maect een hagedis,
Hont stijgen upten praem, of upt het groen Lis.

That is,

*The Fox, who once hath felt the smart o'th' Gin,
Grows wondrous shy, and falls no more therein.*

*The Fish, who hath been once by th' Angler strook,
Suspects that every bait conceals a Hook:*

*The Sheep, snatchd out o'th' Fams of Wolf or Bear,
Even of the Shepherds Dog stands in great fear.*

*A Pigeon, who out of a Hawks Beak is got,
Becomes Wise, tho' before he was a Sot.*

*A Shipwreckd Passenger once safely Landed,
In every little Brook fears to be Stranded.*

*The Dog, who has bin scalded in a Pot
Of boiling Liquor, thinks all Water hot.*

*A Man, who has been bit once by a Snake,
Thinks there lies one in every Bush and Brake.*

More MORALS out of J. C.

Wat her leert, dat leert.

Wat men niet en besuert, en besoetmen niet.

Niemand leert als niet schade of Schaem.

Wat niet en cost, en beugt niet.

Stagen

Stagen maken Wijs
 't verstant him verest de byer
 Den Dont, en riekt niet aen de cant.
 Daet hy de neus eens heeft verbzant.

That is,

*What smarts, that instructs.
 Without sowre, there's no sweet.
 No better Masters, than Shame and Pain.
 What cost nothing, is worth nothing.
 Stripes make Wise.
 The burnt Child dreads the Fire.
 The Dog will avoid that place where he burnt his Nose.*

F A B. XXXI.

Jupiter and the Farmer.

A Cretan Yeoman hird a Farm of Jove,
 On these Conditions. Jove obligd himself
 To send what Weather's Tenant should desire,
 To Rain, to Shine, to Blow from any Coast:
 And he, in lieu of Rent, was bound to pay
 Half of the annual product of the Land.
 The Farmer cultivates the Ground with care,
 And Jove kept touch, but when the Harvest came,
 It answerd not the Hopes o'th' greedy Swain,
 Nothing but Husks appeard empty of Grain.

Now

Now y'are convincd, *Jove* to his Tenant said,
 What stress upon your Wisdom can be laid,
 Take my Advice, try it another Year,
 Do you plow, sow, harrow, and weed the Ground,
 And let me send what Seasons I think fit.
 He accepts the proffer, seals another Lease,
 And the next Year reapt a prodigious Crop,
 That filld his heart with Joy, and Barns with Corn
 He never after prescribd Laws to *Jove*,
 Nor was concernd when't froze, or snowd, or raind,
 But thought that weather best which God ordaind.

The M O R A L.

Do thy endeavour, and leave th' Event to th' Gods.

F A B. XXXII.

Jupiter and the Ass.

AN Ass who servd a Gardener, complaind
 That he had too much Work, too little Meate
 And thence to be removd, did *Jove* intreat;
Jove plac'd him with a Potter, he soon found
 He was not betterd by this Change, being bound
 To carry heavy loads of Clay, and Tiles,
 And Earthen Vessels, then again he prayd,
 That he might serve one of another Trade,
 And by *Joves* order to a Tanner went,
 Where the poor Beast led a laborious Life,
 Carrying the stinking Skins of his own kind;

Ore

Ore-whelmd with grief, thus to himself he said;
 Had I continued where *Jove* put me first,
 I might have livd as well as other Asses,
 But of all Masters now I serve the worst;
 For when he shall have killd me with hard work,
 He'll not stop there, but Curry my dead Skin.

The MORAL.

*They who in hopes of better, Masters change,
 Leap out o'th' Frying-Pan into the Fire.*

F A B. XXXIII.

The Bird.

A Shepherd caught a Bird, and having tied
 A Thread about his Leg, gave it his Son;
 The Bird grew weary of his Life, and watchd
 A fit time to recover Liberty,
 Which when he found, he fled to a high Tree.
 Carrying the fatal String about his Knee,
 Which caught among the Boughs, and held him
 fast.

When he perceivd he must be starvd to death,
 It had been better much for me, he said,
 To have endurd the Follies of the Boy,
 Where I had all Conveniences of Life,
 Then to lose it, and Liberty at once.

He said to himself, thus I will be
 The MORAL. I have
 I might have lived as well as other
 Sometimes the Remedy's worse than the Disease.
 For when he shall have killed me with hard work,
 He'll not stop there, but carry my dead skin.

F A B. XXXIV.

The Raven and Serpent.

A Raven flying o'er a River, spyd
 A venomous Serpent, sleeping on the Grass,
 And bore him thence, presuming he was dead;
 But when the Serpent wakd, and found himself
 I'th' Ravens Claws, he turnd about his head,
 And made his Teeth meet in the Ravens Flank.
 Who soon perceivd the smart o'th' mortal Wound,
 And said, Oh might I lose what I have found,
 This Prey has been my Death, this Gain my Loss.

The MORAL. A man who
 Gain's often more pernicious than Loss.

F A B. XXXV.

The Ass and Horse.

AN Ass, ready to faint under his load,
 Desird a Horse, travelling the same Road,
 To carry part of's Pack, and save his life.

But

But the proud Horse rejected his Request;
The Ass resenting this unkind denial,
Sunk down, and presently gave up the Ghost.
But when the Horse perceivd he should be forced
To carry the Asses Burthen, and his Skin,
He sighd, and said, this Punishment is just,
I denyd succour to my Friend at need,
May it to all who thus act, thus succeed.

The MORAL.

'Tis the interest of the Rich to assist the Poor.

FAB. XXXVI.

The Fox and Wolf.

A Fox, by chance, into a deep Pit fell,
Being in fear of death, cryd out aloud,
And begd a Wolf to let him down a Rope.
The Wolf lookd gravely into th' Pit, and askd
What News? whence came you? whither were
you bound?

When fell you in? how long have you been there?
And many such impertinent Demands.

To whom the Fox, first help me out, and then
I'll answer, your what? whence? whither? & when?

The MORAL.

When thy Friend wants, ask him no needless Questions.

Another out of *Jac. Catts.*

**Soo ghy een Vrient ge rie den Honte
Strielt hem nietupt, maer helpt terstont.**

That is,

*If thy Friend's in need,
Help him with speed.*

Another out of the same.

**Verstiet u Vrienden vooz den noot,
Het rups, dient in de pop ge doot.**

That is,

*Delay not Friends, who thy assistance beg,
But forthwith crush the Cockatrice i'th Egg.*

F I A B. XXXVII.

The Ant.

THat Animal, which now is calld an ANT,
Once was a Man, but of Mankind the worst,
So Covetous, so much in love with Gain,
That all day long, i'th' Fields, he took great pain,
And when 'twas Night, he stole his Neighbours
Corn,
And privily conveyd it to his Barn.

Great

Great *Jove*, abominating such foul Deeds,
In any Creature of a humane shape,
Made him an Ant, but left his Soul unchangd.
That still its former Qualities retains,
Of sparing, coveting, getting, thieving, hoarding.

The MORAL.

What's i'th' Bone, will never out o'th' Flesh.

FAB. XXXVIII.

Jupiter and Minerva.

THE Gods met in a Wood, and several Trees
Appropriated to their Deities.

Jove chose the Oak, *Mirtle* the *Cyprian* Queen,
The God of Wit, the Laurel ever green;
The Poplar *Hercules*, *Neptune* the Pine.

Pallas admir'd to see the Gods reject
Those that bore Fruit, and barren Trees Elect.

And ask'd the reason of her Father *Jove*,
We do't, said he, lest we should be esteem'd,
To sell the Honours which we freely give.

She answer'd, you may, Sirs, do as you please,
I choose the Olive for its useful Fruit.

Jove kiss'd his Daughter, and reply'd, thou'rt wife,
Thou art the genuine Offspring of my Brain.

The MORAL.

For all unprofitable Glory's vain.

F A B. XXXIX.

The Mice.

THE Mice a General Assembly held,
 To find Expedients how they might resist
 The Force, and secret Treacheries o'th' Cat;
 After a long Debate, it was propos'd,
 To hang a Bell about their Enemy's Neck,
 Whose sound might give them notice of's approach.
 This was approv'd, and would have been decreed,
 Had not an aged Mouse rose from his Seat,
 A Mouse of high Degree, and Royal Blood,
 A Mouse, whose Merits all the House admird,
 And beck'ning with his Hand, Audience requir'd.
 Fathers, said he, the Wit of Mice, or Men
 Could not invent a better Law than this,
 Could it be brought to bear, and put in use,
 Who dares about the Cats Neck hang the Bell?
 Where are those Mice their Country love-so well?

The MORAL,

Too dangerous Counsels never take Effect.

FAB. XL.

The Boar and Ass.

A Stupid Ass revild a Generous Boar,
 And could not be prevaild with to give ore,
 At length the Boar thus mildly to him spoke,
 Coward, rail on, thy baseness makes thee safe,
 For tho thou well deserv'st to be chastizd,
 I must not foul my Tusks with thy vile Blood.

The MORAL.

*The Moon contemns the Barking of the Dogs,
 'Tis no disgrace to be revild by Fools.*

FAB. XLI.

The Boar and Dog.

A Boar and Dog happned to disagree,
 And many bitter words betwixt them passd,
 At length the provokd Hog by Venus swore,
 To kill the Dog, if he did not give ore.
 To whom the Dog, canst thou by Venus swear?
 Who has thee in such detestation,
 That whosoever eats thy unclean Flesh,
 May not approach unto her Sacred Shrine.
 The Boar replyd, the Goddess could not shew

A clearer Evidence of her Love to me,
Than to count those unholy, and profane,
Who rejoyce in my Death, and eat my Flesh.

The MORAL.

*A wise Man can retort the Calumnies
Of's Enemies, and turn them to his praise.*

FAB. XLII.

The Cuckow and Birds.

Several Birds were perchd on the same Tree,
And near the top, a solitary Cuckow,
Almost coverd with Leaves, whom when a Pyc
Espied, believing that it was a Hawk,
He with all hast retir'd, to save his life;
The rest o'th' Birds, at the next Rendevous,
Reproachd him for his needless cowardly flight;
To whom the Pyc, no other answer made,
But this, I'd rather't should of me be said,
He took a Cuckow for a Hawk, and fled
Than a Hawk for a Cuckow, and is dead,

MORAL.

There's no Comparifon betwixt Shame, and Pain.

F A B. XLIII.

The **Hart** and **Vine.**

A Hunted Hart, flying before the Dogs,
 Got to a Vineyard, and lay there conceald,
 Until the Huntsmen gave him o'er for lost,
 And were returning Melancholy home.
 Thinking himself secure, he fell to brouze,
 And of their verdant Livery strip the Boughs,
 So was he by the Huntsmen seen, and shot.
 Before he dyed, I could expect no less,
 He said, to himself, for making such return,
 To th' Vine, who harbourd me in my distress.

The M O R A L.

*So great's the Crime, 'tis a delight to see
 Ingrateful Persons suffer Misery.*

F A B. XLIV.

The **wolf** and **Ass.**

A Wolf, pretending Kindness, came to see
 An Ass sick in his Bed, and near to death,
 The Asses Colt then by his Father fate,
 And saw the Wolf knock at the Stable door,
 He lockd it first, then through a Crany spoke,
 Who's there? what do you want? The Wolf replyd,
 Fain would I know how does your Noble Sire,
 To whom the Colt. Better than you desire.

The

A clearer Evidence of her Love to me,
Than to count those unholy, and profane,
Who rejoyce in my Death, and eat my Flesh.

THE MORAL.

*A wise Man can retort the Calumnies
Of's Enemies, and turn them to his praise.*

FAB. XLII.

The Cuckow and Birds.

SEveral Birds were perchd on the same Tree,
And near the top, a solitary Cuckow,
Almost coverd with Leaves, whom when a Pyc
Espied, believing that it was a Hawk,
He with all hast retir'd, to save his life;
The rest o'th' Birds, at the next Rendevous,
Reproachd him for his needless cowardly flight;
To whom the Pyc, no other answer made,
But this, I'd rather't should of me be said,
He took a Cuckow for a Hawk, and fled
Than a Hawk for a Cuckow, and is dead,

MORAL,

There's no Comparisn betwixt Shame, and Pain.

FAB. XLIII.

The **Hart** and **Uine.**

A Hunted Hart, flying before the Dogs,
 Got to a Vineyard, and lay there conceald,
 Until the Huntsmen gave him o'er for lost,
 And were returning Melancholy home.
 Thinking himself secure, he fell to brouze,
 And of their verdant Livery strip the Boughs,
 So was he by the Huntsmen seen, and shot.
 Before he dyed, I could expect no less,
 He said, to himself, for making such return,
 To th' Vine, who harbourd me in my distress.

The MORAL.

*So great's the Crime, 'tis a delight to see
 Ungrateful Persons suffer Misery.*

FAB. XLIV.

The **wolf** and **Als.**

A Wolf, pretending Kindness, came to see
 An Als sick in his Bed, and near to death,
 The Asses Colt then by his Father sate,
 And saw the Wolf knock at the Stable door,
 He lockd it first, then through a Crany spoke,
 Who's there? what do you want? The Wolf replyd,
 Fain would I know how does your Noble Sire,
 To whom the Colt. Better than you desire.

The

The MORAL.

*When Enemies pretend to Kindness, look
About thee, there's under that Bait, a Hook.*

F A B. XLV.

The Master and Dog.

A Master seemd exceeding fond of's Dog,
With his own hand he constantly him fed,
And with much kindness, often stroakd his Head,
But when he had a mind he should be beat,
He orderd his Man to do't; at length,
The Dog grew weary of his life, and fled.
After some time, he and his Master met,
And held a Conference in the open Fields.
He told him, 'twas an ungrateful Act,
To quit a Master who had fed him well,
And never gave him a hard word, or blow.
The Dog replyd, you have me often beat,
To you I owe these Scars, this hairless Back,
For what your Servant did by your command,
I look upon't, as done by your own hand.

The MORAL.

He does it, who commands ill to be done.

FAB. XLVI.

The **husband** and **Drowned** wife.

A Husband, being told his Wife was Drowned,
And shew'd the Place where she fell in, he walk'd
Thence towards the Rivers head, in search o'th'
Corps.

One of his Friends cryd out, Sir what do you
mean?

Dead Bodies never swim against the Stream;

If you design to find her, change your Course.

To whom, the mournful Widower thus replyd,

No, my dear Wife was always so morose,

Peevish, Perverse, and full of Contradictions,

So different from all the rest o'th' World,

And so tenacious of her Evil Humour,

It will accompany her, now she is Dead,

And make her Corps mount up to the Spring Head.

The MORAL.

Believe not a bad Woman, tho she's dead.

F A B. XLVII.

The Holyday and its Eve.

A Discontented Holyday-Eve revild
 The Festival his Lord, with these foul words,
 What dost thou take thy self to be? thou Drone?
 Thou never setst thy lazy hands to Work,
 Yet farest deliciously, goest richly clad,
 And spendst, what I by Labour get and Sweat,
 He that wont Work, unworthy is to Eat.
 To whom the injurd Holyday replyd,
 Content your self with your Condition, Friend,
 It is your duty to maintain your Lord,
 'Tis upon me alone, that you depend,
 My being *Easter*, makes you *Easter-Eve*.

The M O R A L.

Nobles and Commoners support each other.

F A B. XLVIII.

The Ape and Delfian.

A Leaky Ship sunk on the *Attic* Shore,
 The Seamen and the Passengers were drownd,
 Only an Ape was taken up alive,
 By the Commander of a *Delfian* Ship,

Which

POLITICAL FABLES. 45

Which happned to be near, when th' other sunk.
Amongst other discourse, the *Delfian* askd'
If he a Citizen of *Athens* were;
I am, said he, and of the Noblest Tribe.
The *Delfian* replyd, then you must know
Pireum, so the *Athenians* call their Port;
The Ape, concluding 'twas some Man of Note,
Answerd, I know him well, he's my dear Friend.
The *Delfian* now convinc'd, he had sav'd a Beast,
With Indignation, threw him over-board.

The MORAL.

Unskilful Lyers easily are discovered.

F A B. XLIX.

The Lark.

A Lark, who every Spring, did use to build
Her Nest, and lay her Eggs, in the green Wheat,
So early, that her young ones might be fledg'd,
Before 'twas reapt, did once by a mistake,
Make her Nest, hatch her Eggs, in rath ripe Corn,
And found not out her Error till too late,
She saw the Harvest near, her young ones Callow,
Not in Condition to be timely mov'd,
Therefore i' th' morning, ere she went abroad,
She thus bespoke them: Children, when I am gone,
Mind every thing you chance to hear, or see,

And

And give me an account, at my return.
 They watch'd, and saw the Owner of the Field,
 Walking that way, discounting with his Son,
 And over-heard him say, this Corn is ripe,
 And if it be not quickly reaped, will fied,
 Go Son, to the next Village, and intreat
 My Friends assistance, to cut down this Wheat,
 Early, by break of day, to morrow morn.
 The affrighted Larks, this to their Mother told.
 Children, said she, your danger's yet remote,
 Be not dismayd, for if we can stay here
 Till we are dispossessed by his Friends,
 By that time your young Feathers will be grown,
 And you'll be able to transport your selves
 Where ever I shall guide you, through the Air,
 Leaving the same Commands, away the flies,
 Next day. The careful Husbandman awakes
 Early, at the first crowing of the Cock,
 Rises, comes down, and fearing to be late,
 Sate buttoning of his Doublet at the Gate,
 Thence casting many a wishful look to th' Coast
 From whence his hope for succour ought t' arrive,
 Seeing the Sun grown high, and no Friend come,
 Thus to his Son he spoke; Since we're deceiv'd,
 Henceforwards set a Mark upon such Friends,
 Who only cry God bless you, when we sneeze,
 But, when we stand in need, afford no help,
 Go, all our near Relations invite
 To meet me here, to morrow, by day-light;
 That we may get this Corn down before Night.
 This News the young Birds to their Mother told,
 Mother,

Mother, they cryd, Mother, we are undone,
 Not one of us can fly, few of us run,
 Yet out of doors to morrow we must turn.
 Such terrour seizd them of approaching Death,
 They mingled Sighs, and Tears, with every word
 She smild, and said, you are still secure, he'll find
 His Friends and Kindred equally unkind,
 Be mindful still of what you hear, and see,
 This said, away a Foraging she flies.
 The next Sun rises, the good Man, in vain,
 Expects his Kindred, none of them appears;
 Since there's no trust to be repos'd in Frinds,
 Or Kindred, Son, said he, to morrow bring
 Two Sickles, you and I will cut this Corn.
 As soon as the Old Lark this understood,
 To a securer place, leading her Brood,
 Follow, said she, we've staid the utmost hour,
 There's no Eluding Interest, and Power.

The MORAL.

What thou canst do, expect not from another.

Another MORAL.

*He that will bring his Business to an end,
 Must go himself, he that will not, may send.*

A Third out of J. C.

En wach niet van u naest bloet,
 Al wat u sellijs niet en doet.

That

That is,

*Expect not from Relations, or Friends,
What you can do your self, without their help.*

A Fourth out of J. C.

*So ghy u Byt Doet blafen Mont,
En roept daer toe een Dremden Mont.*

That is,

*Make not use of anothers breath
To cool thy Furmity when 'tis too hot.*

A Fifth out of J. C.

*Pet best mist, op den acker is 'tmeesters, oogh, ende
voet.*

That is,

*The best Dung upon the Field, is the Masters Eye, and
Foot.*

Another out of J. C.

*Wat batet, inden mnot, een ander toe te spreken?
Wee pet gedaen begeert, dient handen iyt te steken,
Ghy, laet dan noyt u werk op dees, of gene, staen,
Of anders, Lieve Orient, soo blijftet onge daen.*

That is,

*There's no relying upon foremen aid.
He that would have's work done, must do't himself.
They who their business put off, and delay
Till others do't, may for ever stay.*

Another out of J. C.

Die de Hœ aengaet, die grijptse by den siert.

*'Tis the Owner of the Cow, that pulls her by the Tail
out of the Ditch.*

Another.

Die Hœ en licht geen breekt Kalf.

A Cow licks no Calf but her own.

Another.

*Let op u eygen saken, Heer,
Men hincht niet van eens anders Heer.*

That is,

No Man halts for anothers pain.

Another out of J. C.

*Het oog van den heer, dat maecht de peerden lief.
Het oog van de vrou, dat maecht de hamer oet.*

That is,

*The eye of the Master makes the Horse Fat,
The eye of the Mistress makes the House Neat.*

Another out of the same.

*Geen bod' en wasser opt soo goet,
Shelijck de Meester selles doet.*

That is,

He's the best Messenger, that's most concernd.

Another out of the same.

Maecht u bedde soeje slapen wilt.

That is,

If thou wouldst sleep well, make thy Bed thy self.

F A B. L.

The Wolf and Lamb.

A Wolf was drinking near a Rivers head,
And saw a Lamb, upon his bended knees
Quenching his thirst in the same Stream below,
He tho' fully resolv'd the Lamb should die,
Sought a pretence to kill him legally,

And

And with the Cloak of Justice, cover wrong.
 With a stern Countenance, and impetuous Tone,
 Thus to the Lamb he spoke, Vile Animal,
 Dost thou know who I am? and use me thus?
 Dar'st thou disturb the Water which I drink?
 Sir, said the Lamb, I hope I've done no wrong,
 The Water which I trouble, goes not back
 Against the Stream, to prejudice your draught.
 Then you dispute, the baffled Wolf replyd,
 What is this else, but to tell me I lyd?
 But what's i'th' Bone will never out o'th' Flesh.
 Your Family has always hated mine,
 And set against us Shepherds and their Dogs.
 The Lamb began to answer, but the Wolf
 Impatient of delay, tore out his Heart.

The MORAL.

No Plea is good when Bad Men are in Power.

Another out o'th' Dutch.

*Men slacht t' onnoozel Lam, om't bet, en om de roek,
 Want wie den Hondt will slaen, vind nichtijlick
 eenen Stock.*

That is;

*Men slay the harmless Lamb, for's Flesh, and Skin.
 A Stick is easily found to beat a Dog.*

And with the Clock of Justice, cover'd with
 With a heavy Conscience, and impudently
 Thus to the Lamb, the Wolf, the Ass, and the
 Don't then know who I am; and the
 The Ass and Wolf.

A Wolf, in Surgery professing Skill,
 Bargain'd upon a promise of Reward,
 To pull a Nail out of an Asses Foot,
 Which when he had perform'd, he ask'd his Fee.
 The ungrateful Ass unmindful of his word,
 Gave him for retri- a Kick upon his Head,
 That made him fall down sprawling and half dead.
 After some time awaking from his Trance,
 He said, I justly suffer this disgrace,
 For practising an Art I never learnt.

The MORAL.

Let not the Cobler go beyond his Last.

F A B. LII. The Mad Lion and Goat.

A Goat, seeing a Lion raving Mad,
 Running about, and roaring, said to himself,
 If a wise King can hardly be endur'd,
 How sad is the Condition of us Beasts,
 Who must live under Power with Madness joynd?

The MORAL.

Wrath, arm'd with Power, cannot be withstood.

The Thrushes.

A Numerous flock of Thrushes pass'd the Alps,
To feast upon the Grapes of Lombardy,
Whereof some few returning fat, and plump,
Were envied by the rest that stay'd behind.
They curs'd their Fate, their Cowardise, and Sloth,
Which made them lose their share in that rich prey.
To whom, one of these Travellers replyd,
You'd change your minds and pity us, did you
know

How many thousands of us made this Voyage,
And to what paucity we are reduc'd,
The rest being taken Prisoners, Maim'd, or Kill'd.

The MORAL.

*The Court has many made, and more undone,
And even undone those, whom it has made.*

THE MORAL

FAB LIV.

The Old Man and Death.

A Poor Old Man, carrying a heavy Load,
 Ready to faint for want of strength and breath,
 Threw his Pack down, and call'd aloud for Death,
 To whom when *Death* appear'd in's ghastly shape,
 The terrified Old Man cry'd out, Good Sir,
 Pray help me lift this Burthen to my Back.

The MORAL

Those who desire Death, fear it when it comes.

FAB. LV.

The Cormorant, Bat, and Bramble.

A Cormorant, a Bramble, and a Bat,
 Resolv'd to try their Luck in Merchandise:
 The Cormorant adventur'd Brazen Ware,
 The Bramble Cloth, and the Bat ready Cash,
 Borrowed of griping Bankers at great Use.
 They chearfully Embarqu'd, despising Danger,
 So prevalent with them was the hope of Gain;
 A sudden Storm arose and sunk their Ship,
 And they three only got alive to Land.
 And ever since this their unhappy loss,

The

The Cormorant stands watching on the Sand,
Hoping the Waves will cast his Vessels up :
The Bramble pulls the Passenger by's Coat,
Tares Patterns off, to see where 'tis her Cloth.
But the poor Bat his Debts so much affright,
He dares not peep out of the doors till Night.

THE MORAL.

*To root out Vice, 'tis not an easie thing,
'Twill grow again, if you leave the least String.*

FAB. LVI.

The Young Raven and his Mother.

A Raven by th' Fysicians given ore,
Now at the point of death, his Mother begd
To procure solemn Prayers, make sacred Vows,
And bargain with the Gods to save his life.
To whom she thus replyd, Son 'tis too late,
Thou hast made all the Gods thine Enemies,
Defild their Temples, all their Altars robbd,
What hopes hast thou thy Prayers should prevail ?

THE MORAL.

*They who in wicked deeds their whole life spend,
Cannot expect a comfortable End.*

The Cormorant stands watching on the shore,
 Hoping the waves will cast his Victim up;
 The blamable bull, and the goat,
 Takes Patterns off, to see where 'tis his Cloth;
 But the poor Bat, who sits so much all night,
 He dares not peep out of the doors till Night.

A Hungry Flie, fell int' a Pot of Broth;
 And having eat, and drank his fill, perceivd
 His strength decreasd, his Body heavy grown,
 His Wings wet, and unfit to bear his weight;
 In short, seeing no way to avoid death,
 With a sedate Mind, and undaunted Heart,
 Thus to himself he said, I have eat, and drank,
 And washd, why should I be afraid to die?

The Morning Star, and the Evening Star

A Bear patiently what thou canst not avoid;
 Now at the point of death, his Mother begd
 Another MORAL out of J. G.

Ghy moet, indien ghy kondt, het quade leer genesen
 En so ghy niet en kondt, in als geoudigh wesen

To this purpose.
 What hopes hath thou thy Prayers should prevail

O Man! what ever is thy Lot,
 Either it may be remedied, or Not.
 If not, with patience thy Lot endure,
 If's may, with speed the Remedy procure.

F. A. B. LVIII.

The Fox and Raven.

A Raven who had found a piece of Cheese,
Bore it to's Nest, on one o' th' neighbouring
Trees.

And having laid it down, began to Crow
Aloud, that all might his good Fortune know.

A Fox, who heard the noise, and understood
The meaning of it, quickly leaves the Wood,
Draws near unto the Tree, and thus did speak,
Just as the Raven took the Cheese in's Beak.

Good, Gods! what beauteous Bird's before mine
Eyes?

How smooth they lie! how do thy Feathers shine!

No Colour equals Black, and no Black thine.

Would I might hear thy Voice, if thou couldst
Sing,

Thou wert a Present for the greatest King.

The Raven tickled with the Foxes praise,

And willing to hear more, began to Sing,

With a hoarse voice, and let the Cheese fall down.

Which when the Fox had seizd, Raven, said he,

'Tis true thou'rt handsome, but thou hast no Wit.

The M O R A L.

All Flattery is upon ill design,
And they are Fools who hear it with delight.

Another

Another MORAL out of Horace.

*Si tacitus pasci potuisset Corvus, haberet
Plus dapis, & multo rixa minus invidiaeque.*

To the same purpose out of J. C.

'Tis seker, soo de Raef kon in der stilheyt eten,
By kreegh een vollen buych, en niemant sou het
weten,
Maer mits hy by den roef soo luyde sit, en kragt,
Soo krijght hy menigh mael een ongenooden gast.

That is,

*Were the Crow wise, and could with silence eat,
He would have fewer Spongers, and more Meat.*

Another out of J. C.

Soo dickwils als 't Schapie bleet, verliestet een
beetien.

That is,

As often as the Sheep bleats, he loses a mouthful.

Another out of the same.

'Tis best dat 't Schap in stilheyt eet,
Want als het bleet, verliest een bleet.
Een stil Beugh die eet de dyaf,

That is,

'Tis the still Saw that eats the Breth.

POETICAL FABLES.

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F A B. LIX.

The Pye and Peacock.

OF Birds the general Assembly met,
To elect a King, the chiefest Candidate
The Peacock, popular for his great Estate,
His beauteous shape, and glorious painted Train,
Had gain'd the greatest part upon his side,
And certainly would have been chosen King,
Had it been put to th' Vote, which when the Pye
Perceivd, he stood up, and crav'd leave to speak,
Turning his Face to th' Peacock, Beauteous Sir,
Said he, if th' Eagle should with us wage War,
How would you lead us on? and bring us off?

The MORAL.

*In choice of Magistrates, a handsome Face
Must to the Beauty of the Soul give place.*

F A B. LX.

The Hart and Hind Calf.

A Young Red Deer, thus to his Father spoke,
You are swifter, you are greater than the Dogs,
And better Arm'd, why dont you stand, and fight?
To whom the Hart replyd, Son you have said

The

The truth, Nature for me has done her part,
Has given me every thing but a stout heart,
That's wanting, when the noise of Hounds I hear,
I must be gone, I cant command my fear.

The MORAL.

*Nature in every thing will be obey'd;
Achilles Arms can't make a Coward fight.*

The MORAL.

The Swan and Goose.

IN the same Court, a white Goose, and a Swan
Were kept, one for the rareness of his Song,
The other to be eaten with a Friend.

A Friend arrives, orders were sent toth' Cook
To kill the Goose, but he, unwittingly,
Mistook one for the other, both being white,
And seized the Swan, who, as Swans used to do
In former times, sung his own Funeral Dirge,
And so was known, and so he sav'd his life.

The MORAL.

Many from Dangers Eloquence preserves.

The MORAL.

F A B. LXII.

The Boy and Scorpion.

A Wanton Boy, hunting of Grasshoppers,
 By chance, espied a Scorpion on the Ground,
 And stretchd his right hand out to take it up,
 The Scorpion turnd up his forked Tail,
 Then, thus said to the Boy : Fool, touch me not,
 For if thou dost, thy Sport will cost thee dear,
 And thou wilt Grasshoppers henceforwards fear.

The MORAL.

*That City's ruin's near, where it is hard
 To know who is a good Man, who a bad.*

F A B. LXIII.

The Lion and Fox.

A Fox, who never had a Lion seen,
 Met one i'th' Wood, and was so much affraid,
 He had like to have sunk down dead upon the spot,
 The second time he fear'd, but not so much,
 And the third interview, to him he went
 Boldly and cried, God bless your Majesty.

The

The MORAL.

*What terrible appears, at the first sight,
Being often represented, yields delight.*

FAB. LXIV.

The Swallow and Crow.

A Swallow and a Crow, had a Contest,
Whose Beauty and whose Colour was the best,
And many Arguments were urg'd, *pro* and *con*;
At last the Crow, this demonstration usd,
Your Beauty is a fading Summer Flower,
On mine, the coldest Winter has no power.
To which the Swallow had nothing to reply.

The MORAL.

That Good's to be preferd, which longest lasts.

FAB. LXV.

The Father and Sons.

A Father, near to death, call'd up his Sons
To his Bed-side, and told them he had hid
Great quantities of Gold i'th' Vineyard,
Bidding them dig it up, when he was dead;

This

This said, he died, and left them ignorant
 In what part of the Vineyard the Gold lay.
 No sooner were the Funeral Rites performd,
 But they began to work, and delve the Ground,
 They clear'd the roots o'th' Vines, they broke the
 Clods,

And scourd the Ditches, but they found no Gold,
 But yet, their Labour was not ill bestowd,
 For the next Year the Cultivated Vines
 Enrichd the Owners with a plenteous Crop,
 Which when the Eldest of the Sons perceivd,
 He said, This is the Gold our Father hid.

The MORAL.

Labour and Industry are surest Riches.

F A B. LXVI.

The Dog, Cock and Fox.

A Dog, and Cock, benighted on the Road,
 Took up their Lodgings in an aged Oak,
 The Cock i'th' boughs, the Dog in's hollow Trunck,
 The Cock, next morning crowd by break of day,
 As 'tis their use, to whom a Fox approachd,
 And earnestly desir'd him to come down,
 For he so much delighted in his Song,
 And Martial *Mien*, that he should count himself,
 The happiest Fox i'th' World, to see him near,
 To embrace and kiss him. The Cock understood
 His

His fraudulent intent, and thus replied,
 Sir, I desire it much, but cant come down;
 Without the Porters leave, wake him, I pray,
 He's fast asleep in's Den, at the Oaks root.
 The Fox, suspecting nothing, put in's Head,
 And made a hideous noise, at which the Dog
 Leapt out, seizd on him, worried him to death.

The MORAL.

A Cheat ought not, if cheated, take it ill.

F A B. LXVII.

The Ass, Ape and Mole.

A Mole ore-heard an Ape and Ass complain,
 Ones Tail was short, the other had no Horns,
 And thus reprov'd them; With what Face can you
 Bewail the want of useless Ornaments?
 When you behold me, Patient, tho' Blind.

The MORAL.

*Compare thy State with theirs who're worse than thee,
 Then thou wilt easily bear thy Misery.*

F A B. LXVIII.

The Young Men and Cook.

TWO Young Men went to a Cooks Shop, one stole

A piece of Flesh, and to his Fellow gave't ;
 The Cook soon misd it, and there being none
 But those two in the Shop, chargd them with Theft :
 He, who had took it, swore he had it not,
 And he who had it, swore he stole it not.
 Well, said the Cook, tho' you have deceivd me,
 You cannot cheat the Gods, who all things see.

The M O R A L.

They who Swear most, are least to be believ'd.

F A B. LXIX.

The Boy and Cockles.

A Country Boy, a dish of Cockles bought,
 And laid them to be roasted on the Coals,
 Which their internal moisture rarified,
 And causd them to emit a whistling sound :
 Fools, said the Boy, is it a time to Sing,
 Now, when your Houses burn about your Ears ?

The M O R A L.

All Actions out of season deserve blame.

F A B. LXX.

The Miser.

A Covetous wretch had hid a bag of Gold,
 And almost every hour went out to see't,
 A Neighbour, wondring at his constant Walk,
 Observing where he went, and what he did,
 Found out the Treasure, and conveyd it thence.
 The wretch returnd next morn by break of day,
 When he perceivd his God was flown away,
 He wept, and tore his Beard, and his gray Hair,
 And wishd for Death, thro' horror, and despair.
 A Passenger informd o'th' cause of's grief,
 Said, Father leave lamenting, hide a Stone
 In the same place, and think it is your Gold,
 You'll be as rich then as you was before,
 For he that dares not use it, has no store.

The M O R A L.

The Miser wants what he has, and has not.

FAB. LXXI.

The Olive-Tree and the Reed.

AN Olive and a Reed had great disputes,
Which was the better Plant. The Olive said,
Weak Fool, dar'st thou compare thy self with me?
My Root shoots down to th' Center of the Earth,
Thine's in the Surface, and scarce hid with Mold.
I scorn the strongest blasts of Northern Winds,
At every little breath of Air thou bowest,
So low, that thou canst hardly rise again,
And always movest thy Paralytic Head.
The Reed not daring to reply, stood mute,
Expecting time and place to be revengd,
And was ere long. A furious Storm arose,
And laid the Olive prostrate on the ground,
Which when the Reed perceivd, aloud she cryd,
This fate is due to Insolence, and Pride.

The MORAL.

Trust not a Calm, a Storm is always nigh:

F A B. LXXII.

The Asses and Jupiter.

THE Asses sent a solemn Ambassade,
 Intreating *Jove* to grant them a release
 And freedom from the Miseries they endur'd.
Jove answerd, that could never be procur'd,
 Till they could make a River with their Piss,
 This he intended for a flat denial.
 But they believing *Jove* was serious,
 Have ever since been making of the tryal,
 And where they see one Piss, all do the same.

The M O R A L.

Asses believe Impossibilities.

F A B. LXXIII.

The two Neighbouring Frogs.

Two Neighbouring Frogs livd in great Amity,
 One in the Road, the other in a Pond
 A little thence removd, and more secure,
 Who, as a Friend, his Neighbour thus advisd :
 Why do you choose to dwell in such a place,
 So much exposd to danger? Quit it Sir,
 Live with me, I have plenty void of fear :

To

To which, the Courteous Frog this answer made,
For your kind proffer, I return you thanks,
But cant be brought to change my native Soil,
There was I born, and bred, there will I die :
This said, he went to his Quarters, and there staid
Till he was presd to death by a Cart Wheel.

MORAL.

Ill Men defer Amendment, till'ts too late.

FAB. LXXIV.

The Mice and Cat.

A Colony of Mice planted their selves
In the same House, and livd in much repute,
And with great prudence managd their Affairs.
To save their selves from the insults o'th' Cat,
They, by consent, retir'd to the House top,
And resolv'd there to stay during their lives ;
Which when the Cat perceiv'd, she took this way
To countermine them, and obtain her ends,
She hung her self upon a Pin i'th' Wall,
With her Head downwards, feigning to be dead.
A Mouse, who saw her in this posture, said,
That Trick won't do, I'll not believe thee dead,
Tho' I should see thy Skin pulld o'er thy head.

The MORAL.

Superabundant Caution does no harm.

F A B. LXXV.

The Eagle and Fox.

Iong had the Eagle and the Fox been Friends,
 And that their Amity might increase, resolv'd
 To live together, the Eagle built her Nest
 Upon the highest Branches of an Oak,
 And the Fox made his Burrow near its Root:
 It hapnd, both had young at the same time,
 And when the Fox was gone in quest of Prey,
 The treacherous Eagle stole his Cubbs away,
 And with her Flesh feasted her self and brood:
 The Fox returnd, perceiving his great loss,
 Was struck with horror of that heinous Act,
 Much did he grieve for his dear Childrens death,
 But more, to see himself in such a state,
 Having no helps, no prospect of Revenge.
 But 'twas not long before the Scene was changd.
 A Country Farmer sacrificd a Kid
 I'th' open Fields, thither the Eagle flies,
 And from the Altar steals a piece of Flesh,
 To which stuck fast a Coal o'th' sacred Fire;
 This being brought to her dry, woody Nest,
 Set it immediately in a bright flame.
 Then did the Eagle see her young ones drop
 Halt roasted, into th' mouth o'th' joyful Fox.

The M O R A L.

Heaven vindicates the wrong done to the Poor.

F A B.

FAB. LXXVI.

The Trees and Thorn.

THE Trees desired the Olive to accept
 The chief Command o'th' leafy Nation ;
 To whom, he said, can you believe, that I,
 Who live contented with my own Estate,
 Whose Fruit is so much prizd by Gods, and Men,
 Will change my happy Life for anxious Cares,
 Always attending upon Crowned Heads ?
 No, lay this weight on some ambitious Fool.
 Being thus repulsd, they to the Fig-Tree went,
 And beggd him to supply the vacant Throne ;
 Can you, said he, suppose I'll quit my Fruit,
 Which is more sweet than the *Hyblean* Honey,
 For Aloes, and Gall, the food of Kings ?
 Being twice repulsd, they to the Vine repaird,
 And humbly beggd him to accept the Crown,
 He shewd his Branches loaded with ripe Grapes,
 More bright in colour than the *Egyptian* Purple,
 You see, said he, my Riches and my Store,
 These pleasant Grapes which such a Liquor yield,
 That recreates the heart of God, and Man,
 Can you desire me quit this happy Station,
 And my self ruin, to preserve your Nation ?
 If I do so, I justly may be deemd
 The greatest Fool of Trees. I'll be no King.
 Tird with denyals, they at last chose the Thorn,
 Who greedily lays hold o'th' profferd Crown,

And swelld with Pride, thus to his Subjects spoke,
 Now I am King, I expect to be obeyd,
 Against all those who dare oppose my Will,
 I'll send a raging Fire, which shall not spare
 The tallest Cedars of Mount *Libanus*.

The M O R A L.

*To Command over others none desire
 But those who intend to gratifie their Lust.*

F A B. LXXVII.

Momus.

Jove, Neptune, Pallas, when the World was young,
 Strove which of them should do't the greatest
 good,

And by consent chose *Momus* to be Judge;
Jove in his own Similitude made a Man,
 The God o'th' Sea a Bull, *Pallas* a House;
 This done, they sent for *Momus*, to pronounce
 Which of their Gifts, in his Esteem, was best;
 But he found fault with all. First with the Man,
 Because there were no Windows in his Breast,
 Thro' which his inclinations might be seen:
 He said the Bulls Horns were not fitly plac'd,
 They would have been more useful on his Breast,
 He blamd the House, because 'twas not on Wheels,
 And could not from ill Neighbours be removd.

The MORAL.

*Nothing against Detraction is secure;
Who dare be Vertuous, must this Plague endure.*

FAB. LXXVIII.

The Two Dogs.

A Certain Dog never peepd out of Doors,
When the least drop of Rain fell from the
Clouds,
Of whom, a neighbouring Dog, his Friend, inquired
The cause of this strange Humour; he replyd,
By scalding Water once I had like to've dyd,
And ever since have been afraid of Cold.

The MORAL.

He whom a Snake has bit, runs from an Eel.

FAB. LXXIX.

The Woman and Oculist.

A Woman, much afflicted with sore Eyes,
Sent to a skilful Oculist for Cure,
He came, and undertook it for a Sum,
Which she engagd to pay, when she was well:
He

He often came, and often dress'd her Eyes,
 And whilst, forced by the smart, she kept them shut,
 He every day stole something out o'th' House,
 Till there was nothing left. At last it chanced,
 His Remedies had their desired Effect,
 Then the Oculist demands his recompence,
 But she refus'd to pay't. My Sight is worse,
 She said, then when you first enter'd my door,
 Then, every part o'th' House appear'd to me,
 Well stord with Goods, but now I nothing see.

The MORAL.

Benefits are effaced by Injuries.

F A B. LXXX.

The Boar and Fox.

A Fox observ'd a Boar whetting his Tusks,
 And ask'd him why he so employ'd his time,
 Having no prospect of an Enemy?
 The Boar reply'd, not without cause, for when
 I am assaulted, 'twill be too late then.

The MORAL.

*The fittest season to provide for War
 Is then, when we enjoy a profound Peace.*

FAB. LXXXI.

The **Thief** and his **Mother**.

A Thief to th' Place of Execution brought
 To suffer Death, the just reward of's Crimes.
 As he upon the Ladder stood, espyd
 His sorrowful Mother pressing thro' the throng,
 To take the last leave of her dying Son.
 The Officers permitted them to embrace;
 But he, instead of a departing Kiss,
 Bit off her Nose and spit it in her Face.
 The Crowd, detesting this unnatural Act,
 Cryd out, no torment can be great enuf,
 No sort of Death for such a Parricide.
 Hear me, said he, condemn me not unheard:
 This Woman, whom I have treated in this sort,
 Is the only cause of my untimely death.
 When I was Young, not knowing Good from Ill,
 And from my Play-fellows some Trifles stole,
 I brought her them, which she receivd with joy;
 Twas her Encouragement made me proceed
 In that lewd way and commit greater Thefts,
 For which I undergo this shameful death;
 From whence I might have easily been preservd,
 Had she chastizd me for the first Offence.

The MORAL.

*A cruel Mother is better than a mild;
 Sparing the Rod is spoyling of the Child.*

Another

Another M O R A L.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.* Horace.

That is,

*New Casks, for a long while hold their first scent,
Young Twigs, to any form are easily bent.*

Another out of J. C.

*Die wel bemint
Hastijt sijn hint.*

That is,

*Who their Child like,
They their Child strike.*

Another out of the same.

*Gen Aep, opt al te grooten min
Die perst haer jonck de lenden in.*

That is,

*An Ape, to her young may no affection lack,
And yet not hug 'em till she breaks their Back.*

Another

Another out of the same.

'Tis wel, na mijn begriip, in duden tijt ghelept,
'Tis beter dat het kind, als dat de moeder
schrept.

That is,

*Tho' there's no Music, in one, or the other,
'Tis better t' hear the Child cry, than the Mother.*

F A B. LXXXII.

Hercules and a Carter.

A Loaded Waggon stuck in a deep Way,
Immersd, up to the Axle-trees, in Mud,
And by't the idle Driver mourning stood,
Complaining of his Fate, and begging help
Of *Hercules*, who at his call appeard,
And thus admonishd him; Do first what you can,
Goad the Oxen, put your Shoulders to the Wheels.
In your distress you should have workd, not prayd,
That's the securest way to obtain Gods aid.

The MORAL.

The Gods help none but those who help their selves.

Other

Others our of J. C.

God spijs de voghelen, maer sy moeten der om
vliegen.

Niemand en komen de gebzaden dupden in den
gerlogen mont,

Armoede is leuphepts loon,

Wie besloeten wil, moet besueren,

Die de eperen hebben wil, moet her nakelen den
beenen lijden.

Den slapenden Vos valt niet in den muyl.

Want aen den ploegh, so salt God vorderen

Tot Gods hulp behoest arbeit,

Reyt handen en voeten, God salt versoeten.

Stroopt u armen, en seght God wouts.

Den slapende Wolf en loopt geen schaep in den
mont.

Die tuerken killen wil moet hem het tieren trocken
Een vliegende kraep vangt wat.

This may be so Translated.

God provides meat for Birds, but they must fetch it.
Roast Pigeons fly not into any Mans mouth.

Poverty is the Wages of Idleness.

Who will get, must Sweat.

They who will have Eggs, must bear with the cackling
of the Hens.

Nothing falls into the mouth of a sleeping Fox.

Put to your hand, then cry, God speed the Plow.

Labour Gods Help procures.

Make bare your Arm, then cry God help.

No Sheep run into th' mouths of sleeping Wolves.

*He that will kill a Hog, must endure his noise.
A Crow upon the Wing, finds something to eat.*

Out of J. C.

**Die Rosen plucken wil, en mach geen priekels
mijden,
Die honich-graet begeert, die moet de byen lijdē.
Dooz hem die vruchten soeckt, is't wenschen niet
genoeg
De handt moet out de mou, de handt moet aen den
ploeg.**

That is,

*Who'll gather Roses, must endure the Thorns.
Who will eat Honey, must not fear the Bees.
'Tis not enuf to wish Corn were i'th' Mow.
The Hands must quit the Muff, and hold the Plow.*

Another out of the same.

**Een stille mool en maecht geen meel.
Een Dog die slaept, een drooge keel.**

That is,

*The Mill that moves not, no Corn grinds.
The Fox that Hunts not, no Prey finds.*

F A B. LXXXIII.

The Fortune-teller.

ONE, who pretended skill in Conjuring,
 Was telling Fortunes, in a Market-place
 Amongst a great Crowd of admiring Fools,
 To whom a Messenger drew near, and said,
 Is this a time to entertain the Mob ?
 Your House is broken up, your Goods are stoln,
 There's nothing left you but the naked Walls.
 Hearing this News, in hast he left the Crowd,
 And went to see what loss he had sustaind.
 As he returnd, there met him on the way
 A witty Fellow, who thus to him said,
 Can you, who know not what is done at home,
 At a great distance, foretel things to come ?

The M O R A L.

He is not Wise, who is not so to himself.

F A B. LXXXIV.

The Old Lion and Fox.

AN aged Lion, now no longer able
 By Hunting to provide Meat for his Table,
 Resolv'd to make use of another way,
 And get by fraud, what he could not by force.

Feign'd

Feignd himself sick, and took his Bed, and groand.
 This News was quickly thro' the Forest spread,
 The Beasts their visits of Condolence made,
 Entering one by one, into his Den,
 And when they came within his reach, were slain.
 By this Trick, he maintaind himself some time.
 At last the Fox approaching near the Cave,
 Askd how he did, the Lion answerd, Ill;
 Why do you keep at distance, pray come in,
 Let me embrace, and kiss you, my dear Friend,
 Before I go into another World.
 No, said the Fox, I dare not come too near,
 I am terrified by th' footsteps in the Sand,
 I find of many entring Beasts the track,
 But there's no sign of any that came back.

The MORAL:

*A Prudent Man doth many Evils shun,
 And guesses from small Signs, what's to be done.*

F A B. LXXXV.

The Lion, Fox and Ape.

THE Lion put a Proclamation out,
 Strictly commanding all four-footed Beasts;
 Who wanted Tails, by a prefixed Day,
 To quit's Dominions. Upon which, the Fox
 Packd up his Tools, in order to be gone,
 And seek his Fortune in a foreign Realm;

At the first Inn, he overtook an Ape,
 Going the same way, with the same intent,
 Who thus accosted him, Sir, are you Mad?
 You're not at all concern'd in this Decree,
 For you have Tail enuf, if not too much.
 Tis true, replyd the Fox, yet I'll begone,
 For what can unarm'd Innocence avail,
 If the King's pleas'd to say, I have no Tail.

The M O R A L

*Trust not thine Innocence, stay not an hour,
 Where Kings pretend to Arbitrary Power.*

F A B. LXXXVI.

The Astrologer.

A Star-gazer, in a clear Moonless Night,
 Ith' midst of Winter, went into the Fields,
 To count the Number of the *Pleiades*,
 And mark the Houses where the Planets lodgd,
 For fear he should misplace them in his Scheme,
 Wholly intent upon his Heavenly Theme;
 And walking carelessly, fell in a Pit,
 And fearing to be froze to death, cryd out.
 A Country Man, who was that Night i'th' Fields,
 To look after his Yews, and new-faln Lambs,
 Hearing that piteous out-cry, to him came,
 And looking with his Lanthorn into th' Well,
 Espied the Astrologer, and thus to him spoke,
 Neigh-

POLITICAL FABLES. 83

Neighbour, ben't always staring on the Skies,
But sometimes look below, how the way lies.

The MORAL.

*They who can all things by the Stars foretell,
May easily avoid an open Well.*

F A B. LXXXVII.

The Ass and Fox.

AN Ass put on a Lions Skin, and ran
About the Fields, and terrified the Beasts,
And thought to put the same Trick on the Fox,
But he had heard him bray, and to him said,
I knew this Voice, else I had been afraid.

The MORAL.

*A Fool, in Royal Robes, is known by's Speech.
The Ape the more he climbs; shews more of's Breach.*

F A B. LXXXVIII.

The woman and wolf.

A Hungry Wolf, hunting about for Prey,
Came to a Country Cottage, and there heard
A Mother menacing her crying Child

To give't the Wolf, if it did not desist:
The Wolf, who thought the Woman spoke her
mind,

Patiently waited for the froward Boy,
Until he heard the Mother change her Note,
And say to th' Child, be not afraid, my Dear,
We'll kill the Wolf, if he comes for my Babe.
Thus disappointed, back to the Wood he goes,
Vex'd, pensive, desperate, cursing his stay,
And all the way he went, had this in's mouth,
What a strange thing is Man, whose words & deeds
Have no conformity one with the other?

The MORAL.
Words do not always shew what's in the Heart.

FAB. LXXXIX.

The Hen and Swallow.

A Foolish Hen, thinking they were her own,
Sate upon Serpents Eggs, till they were hatch'd,
To whom a Swallow said, What's your design,
To shew so great marks of maternal Love
To those, who when grown up, will you destroy?

The MORAL.

Save a Thief from the Gallows, he'll Hang you.

F A B. XC.

The **Ass**, **Raven** and **Wolf**.

AN Ass, with a Gald Back, wandring i'th' Fields,
 Seeking a shady place, wherein to lie,
 Safe from the persecution of the Flie,
 Was by a Raven seen, who on him pitchd,
 And with's sharp Bill, wounded and peckd his Sore,
 Which made him bray, and winch, and run about,
 And causd great pleasure in the Rabble Rout:
 Which, when a Wolf perceivd, he sighd, and said,
 How sad is the Condition of us Wolves?
 Whom all Men persecute at the first sight,
 Yet, in the injuries of this Crow delight.

The MORAL.

*It is less dangerous to some, to steal
 A Horse, than others to look o'er the Hedge.*

F A B. XCI.

The **Lark** and **Fowler**.

ALark high mounted in the Air, espied
 A cunning Fowler pitching Nets, and Snares,
 And askd him what he meant, what he contrivd:
 I intend to build a City for the Birds,

He said, and then behind the Bushes went.
 The Fowler gone, the Lark drew near, to see
 What progress was in this new City made,
 And hopping carelessly about, was caught ;
 The Fowler then appeard, to whom the Lark,
 My Curiosity has cost me dear,
 If you Treat all Birds so, none will dwell here.

The M O R A L.

A Cruel Prince depopulates the Realm.

F A B. XCII.

The Fox and Bramble.

A Fox, in climbing ore a Garden Hedge,
 Ready to fall, laid hold upon a Bramble,
 Which prickt his Feet, and tore his Fur from's Skin,
 In a great fury, thus revild the Thorn :
 Is this, said he. an Entertainment fit
 For Refugees, who fly to you for help ?
 To whom the Thorn did thus reply, or smarter,
 Who can expect kind usage from a Brier ?
 We are by nature fram'd to scratch, and tear,
 Now y're convinc'd what 'tis to catch a Tartar.

The M O R A L.

When thou'rt in need, ask not an ill Mans help.

F A B. XCIII.

The **Fuller** and **Collier**.

A Collier, much press'd his Friend a Fuller,
That they might dwell together in one House;
To whom the Fuller answerd, by no means,
I can't consent to such a strange demand,
My business is to make Cloth clean and white,
What ere you touch, becomes as black as Night.

The M O R A L.

Joyn not with those whose Interest thwarts thine.

F A B. XCIV.

The **Fox** and **Uizour**.

A Curious Fox went to a Tradesmans Shop,
Who servd the Plays, with Vizards and with
Masks,
And searching every corner of that place,
He found the likeness of a humane Face,
And was with its Proportion much pleas'd,
And the rare Workmanship therein express'd;
The World, said he, can't shew a finer Head,
Had it the chiefest requisites, Wit, and Brains.

The M O R A L.

A Beauteous Face, renders a Fool more known.

F A B. XCV.

The Two Mice.

Horace in the Sixth Satyr of the Second Book, describes the Fable of the City and Country Mouse thus.

Olim
 Rusticus urbanum murem Mus paupere fertur
 Accepisse Cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum.
 Asper, & attentus quæsit, ut tamen arctum
 Solveret hospitiiis animum. Quid multa? neque illi
 Sepositi ciceris nec longæ invidit avenæ;
 Aridum & ore ferens acimum semesaque lardi
 Frustra, dedit, cupiens varia fastidiæ cœna
 Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
 Quum pater ipse domus, palea porrectus in horrea,
 Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens:
 Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit,
 amice,
 Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
 Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere silvis?
 Carpe viam, mihi crede, comes terrestria quando
 Mortaleis animas vivunt fortita, Neque ulla est
 Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga, quo bone circa,
 Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
 Vive memor, quam sis ævi brevis, Hæc ubi dicta
 Agrestem populere, domo levis exsilit. Inde
 Ambo

Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
 Mænia nocturni subrepere. Jamque tenebat
 Nox medium cæli spatium, quum ponit uterque
 In locuplete domo vestigia; rubro ubi cocco
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos,
 Multaque de magna superessent fercula cæna,
 Quæ procul exstructis incrant hesternæ canistris.
 Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
 Agrestem, veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
 Continuatque dapes, nec non vernaliter ipsis
 Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert,
 Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque
 Rebus agit lætum convivam, quum subito ingens
 Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque,
 Currere per totum pavidi conclave, magisque
 Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta molossis
 Personuit canibus, tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita
 Est opus hæc ait, & valeat, me silva, cavusque
 Tutus ab insidiis, tenui solabitur ervo.

*An Excellent Paraphrase of the same by
 Mr. Abraham Cowley.*

AT the large foot of a fair hollow Tree,
 Close to plowd ground, seated commodiously,
 His antient and Hereditary House,
 There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse.
 Frugal, and Grave, and careful of the main,
 Yet one, who once did Nobly entertain
 A City Mouse, well Coated, sleek and gay,
 A Mouse of high Degree, who lost his way,

And

And arrivd early, and belighted there,
 For a days Lodging; the good hearty Host
 Did all the stores produce that might excite,
 With various tast the Courtiers appetite,
 Ferches, and Beans, Peasens and Oats, and Wheat,
 And a large Chesnut, the delicious meat,
 Which *Jove* himself, were he a Mouse, would eat.
 And for a Haut-goust, there was mixt with these,
 The Sword of Bacon, and the Coat of Cheese,
 The precious reliques of the Harvest, he
 Had gatherd from the Reapers Luxury.
 Freely, said he, fall on, and never spare,
 The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care:
 And thus at ease on Beds of Straw they lay,
 And to their Genius sacrificed the day;
 Yet the nice Guests Epicurean mind,
 Though Breeding made him Civil seem and Kind,
 Despid this Country Feast, and still his thought
 Upon the Cakes, and Pies of *London* wrought.
 Your Bounty and Civility, said he,
 Which I'm surprisd in these rude Parts to see,
 Shews that the Gods have given you a Mind
 Too Noble for the Fate which here you find.
 Why should a Soul so vertuous, and so great,
 Lose it self thus in an obscure retreat?
 Let savage Beasts lodge in a Country Den,
 You should see Town, and Manners know, & Men,
 And tast the generous Luxury of the Court,
 Where all the Mice of Quality resort;
 Where thousand beauteous She's about you move,
 And by high fare, are plyant made to Love,

We all, ere long, must render up our breath,
No Cave or Hole can shelter us from Death.
Since Life is so uncertain, and so short.
Let's spend it all, in Feasting, and in Sport.
Come, worthy Sir, come and with me partake
All the great things that Mortals happy make;
Alas, what Vertue hath sufficient Arms
To oppose bright Honor, and soft Pleasures Charms:
What Wisdom can their Magick force expel?
It draws this Reverend Farther from his Cell.
It was the time, that witty Poets tell,
That *Febus* into *Thetis* Bosom fell;
She blusht at first, and then put out the light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.
Plainly the truth to tell, the Sun was set,
When to the Town our wearied Travellers get
To a Lords House, as Lordly as can be,
Made for the use of Pride and Luxury,
They come, the Genteel Courtier at the Door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before,
But 'tis Sir your Command, and being so,
I'm sworn to Obedience, and so in they go.
Behind a Hanging in a spacious Room,
The richest work of *Mortlaks* Noble Loom,
They wait a while their wearied Limbs to rest,
Till Silence should invite them to the Feast;
About the hour, that *Cynthias* silver light
Had toucht the pale Meridian of Night:
At last the various Supper being done,
It happened, that the Company being gone
Into a Room remote, Servants and all,
To please their noble Fancies with a Ball,

Our Host leads forth his Stranger, and does find
 All suited to the bounties of his mind;
 Still on the Table half-fill'd Dishes stood,
 And with delicious Fare the floor was strow'd;
 The courteous Mouse presents him with the best,
 And both with fat Varieties are blest:
 The industrious Peasant every where does range,
 And thanks the Gods for his lifes happy change;
 Lo, in the midst of a well-fruited Pie,
 They both at last glutted and wanton lie;
 When see the sad reverse of prosperous Fate,
 And what fierce Storms on mortal Glories wait.
 With hideous noise, down the rude Servants come,
 Six Dogs before run barking into th' Room;
 The wretched Gluttons fly with wild affright,
 And hate the fulness which retards their flight;
 Our trembling Peasant wishes now in vain,
 The Rocks and Mountains coverd him again;
 O how the change of his poor life he cursd,
 This, of all lives, said he, is sure the worst,
 Give me again, ye Gods, my Cave and Wood,
 With Peace, let Tares and Acorns be my Food.

F A B. XCVI.

Upon the same Subject.

TWO Mice, of different Quality, and Estate,
 Contracted a strict Friendship. Ones House
 stood
 I'th' Capital City, the others in a Wood;

The

The Country Mouse invites his wealthy Friend
 To come and eat with him, at his poor Cot,
 To tast the Country Food, and breath the Air:
 The Courtier accepts this Invitation,
 Willing to see what lives those poor Souls led,
 What were their Pastimes, upon what they fed.
 Variety pleases both great Mice, and Men.
 I'll come, said he, dear Friend, I'll spoil your Jest,
 When must it be? You shall have notice, Sir,
 Replyd the Country Mouse, and took his leave.
 When all things were in readines, he sent,
 Acquaints his Friend, and begs him not to fail.
 He comes, is introduced to the Hall,
 Fenced about with Reed, instead of Wall,
 And strewd with Rushes, new fetchd from the Field:
 In a remote Corner, an Oyster-shell
 Was placd, filld with clear Water from the Spring,
 Wherewith they might both quench their thirst,
 and wash;
 He placd his Guest at th' upper end o'th' Board,
 Upon a tuft of Moss, and then brought forth
 His Store, the Swaert of Bacon, Chiches, Beans,
 Parings of Cheese, Kernels of Nuts and Plums,
 And other Cates, i'th' Country highly prizd,
 Which he, with pain and cost, and help of Friend,
 Had got together against that great day.
 You know, said he, I cannot Complement,
 I never was bred in the Inns-of-Court,
 Ne'er saw a College, or a Dancing-School,
 Pray Sir fall to, accept this homely Treat,
 I wish it were much better for your sake.
 they eat and drank, and pleasantly discoursd,
 And

And then, to help digestion, walkd i'th' Field;
 At their return, he waits upon his Guest,
 And shews him his best Chamber, and best Bed,
 Which with clean Sheets of Wheaten Straw was
 spread.

They made but one Sleep till the Sun went down;
 Such placid Sleep to good Kings is unknown,
 Whose care for others rest disturbs their own.
 He brought him part of's way, to a Friends House,
 Where they embracd, and kisd, and took their
 leaves.

The Guest to his courteous Host returns his thanks,
 And makes him promise the next Holyday
 To come, and take a Commons, at his House.
 Upon the day prefixd, the Country Mouse,
 Having washt, and brusht, set forwards on his way,
 After Sun set, and so orderd his pace,
 He arrivd at Midnight at the City Gate,
 Thence, to the Palace of his Friend he goes,
 Whom he found waiting for him at the Door,
 The Courtier would have had him enterd first,
 But he refusd, not knowing 'twas the Mode;
 To wash his Feet, he Orange Water brings,
 Then in an upper Room, shews him a Bed,
 O'th' richest Velver made fit for a King;
 Pray Friend, said he, lie down, and sleep a while,
 You must be weary, having walkd so far.
 The Country Mouse without reply, obeyd:
 When all the Meat was set upon the Board,
 The Courtier goes himself, calls down his Guest,
 And placing him on his right hand, thus spoke:
 Friend, you are welcome, eat of what you please.

Here's

Here's all variety your heart can wish,
 Olios, Ambigues, Bisques, Grilliades,
 Cocoes, Vinellii, Pigniates, Pistaccios,
Parmisan Cheese, Botargo, Caveare,
 And Ketchup, which will make you please your
 Wife,

And several other Dishes, whose strange Names
 The untravelld Mouse had never heard before :
 They were just sat, and scarce had eat one bit,
 When suddenly the Pantry Door flies open,
 A Light appears, several Lacqueys enter,
 Following the Master Cook with Silver Voyders;
 At the appearance of this hated Light,
 They both betook their selves to hasty flight ;
 As soon as those unwelcome Guests were gone,
 Come, said the City Mouse, the Coast is clear,
 Let us return, and fall to our Good Cheer :
 But his poor Friend, who in a cold Sweat lay,
 Refusd to come, having lost his Appetite,
 And not yet half recoverd out of's fright.
 But when he found, that no Excuse would serve,
 With much reluctancy, he came, sat down,
 Pickt here and there a bit, but relisht none,
 The Meat he swallowd went down like chopt Hay,
 The Wine seemd to his Palate priet and dead :
 While he was thus uneasy at the Feast,
 They are again alarmd, and as before,
 Both the Mice hid their selves behind the Door ;
 The City Mouse, who th' greater Courage had,
 Having such dangers frequently escapd,
 Us'd all his Eloquence and Art, to engage
 His Friend to appear a third time on the Stage.
 But

But he lay in his Hole, expecting death,
 Not daring move his feet, or draw his breath:
 Next day the Courtier having press'd in vain,
 His fearful Guest one Night more to remain,
 Gave him leave to go home. The joyful Mouse
 Spoke thus at's parting: Ever honoured Sir,
 And my most Noble Friend, you've made a Feast
 Fit for a King, which I with thanks accept,
 But never shall be able to requite;
 Tho' to be plain, Sir, I don't like the Sauce,
 The Sword over my Head. You may feed on
 Meats with hard Names, and hard digestion,
 But if kind Heavens restore me to my Cell,
 I'll feed on simple, unbought, wholesome Meat,
 Growing in every Field, and every Wood,
 Such as our Fathers eat before the Flood;
 I'll bring my unruly Passions to obey,
 From fear of Death, and vain Ambition free,
 I'll lead a God-like Life, and pity Kings.

The M O R A L.

*The Middle state of Men is most secure,
 Content, not Wealth, does Happiness insure.*

FAB. XCVII.

The Cat and Cock.

A Hypocritical Cat had seizd a Cock,
 Whom, tho' he was fully resolv'd to kill,
 Yet sought a fair pretence for this foul Fact;
 He first accus'd him, that he made a Noise
 Early i'th' morning, and disturb'd Mens sleep:
 The Cock replyd, I do this for their good,
 To give them notice of approaching Day,
 That they may rise, and follow their Affairs.
 The Cat urg'd further, thou'rt Incestuous,
 And dost not from thy nearest Kin refrain.
 I do't, answer'd the Cock, to increase the Brood,
 And yield my Owners Table plenteous food.
 My Belly has no Ears, the Cat replyd,
 Tho' I can find no fault in thy defence,
 My raging Hunger must be satisfied,
 Therefore I'll dine to day at thy expence,
 This said, with the Cocks blood her mouth she dy'd,

The MORAL.

*Against Injustice, Reason pleads in vain,
 No Argument like Force, when Tyrants Reign.*

F. A. B. XCVIN.

The **FATHER, SON, and ASS.**

AN Old Man, and his Son, a little Boy,
 Drove an unloaded Ass to the next Fair,
 And follow'd both on foot. A Country Man
 Seeing this Sight, call'd them in this sort;
 What's your design? do you lead out that Ass
 To play in the Fields, as Pedants do young Boys?
 Neither of you are fit to walk a foot,
 One's past that labour, th' other not come to it.
 By these true Tests the Father being sung,
 Commanded the young Boy to mount the Ass,
 Which, when another Country Fellow saw,
 Here's a fine Show, said he, a lusty Boy
 Riding, and an Old Fool creeping on foot.
 This being heard, and judg'd true, by th' Old Man,
 He bids his Son alight, and rides himself,
 Until he came to th' Entrance of a Town,
 Where several idle People being met,
 Gaz'd at him; Is it not a burning shame,
 Said one, to see a lusty Fellow ride,
 And a poor weak Boy trudging by his side:
 Not being able to endure these Taunts,
 He sets his Son behind him on the Croup;
 A Traveller, who pitied the poor Ass,
 Demanded, pray, what Crime has that Beast done,
 To be so heavy loaded with two Clowns?
 Have you a mind he should be Meat for Crows?

These

These various opinions put the Old Man
Out of his Wits, but yet in hopes to please,
He was resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd.
At last, he the Asses Legs together tied,
And bore him on his Shoulders, and his Sons
On a long Pole. At this unusual Sight,
The numerous Spectators laught out-right,
And at them every one let fly their Bolt,
And jeering, said, were ever two such Fools?
Were there, in *Bedlam*, ever two so mad?
The Father finding all he did displeas'd,
And willing of his Burden to be eas'd,
Threw the Ass headlong into a deep Pool.
Thus the Farce ended, of the Ass and Fool.

The MORAL.

*They who will always change, and always mend,
As long as any Fool shall reprehend,
Will never bring their Labours to an end.*

Another out of J. C.

Soekt ghy een Peert, of wijs, maer supber van
gobelen,
Doo mooghie by het werck voortae wel laten
stehen,
Tis seker, liebe vrient, dat u het Wedde en Stal,
Geduerigh onbewoont, en ledigh wesen sal.

That is,

*They who're resolv'd never to Wed, or Ride,
Until they find a Faultless Horse, or Bride,
Must always walk a-foot, and lie alone.*

Another out of J. C.

Wie elcke veer wil sien, en raken,
Hoe kan hy opt een Bedde maken?

That is,

*If every Feather must in's proper place be laid,
How much time will be spent, before the Bed is made?*

Another out of J. C.

Hy moet veel bzijs hebben,
Die den elck mont sal stoppen.
Men hoeft veel Papp met volle Potten,
Om mont te stoppen aen alle Sotten.

That is,

*Of Papp a hundred thousand trimful Pots,
Are not not enuf, to stop the mouths of Sots.*

F A B. XCIX.

The Cat, Cock and Mouse.

A Wealthy Mouse, had her dear Husband lost,
And all her numerous Progeny, but one,
By open force, or stratagems o'th' Cat,
To breed this only Child was her chief care
To see him Married, and the Estate Intrailed,
Which had been many Ages in that Name,
Upon his Heirs, in lawful Wedlock got;
She never let him budge out of her sight,

With

With him she went to School, with him to play,
 With him she dind, and suppd, and slept all day.
 Tir'd with so close confinement, the young Heir,
 When's Mothers back was turnd, stole out of doors,
 But to secure's retreat, took several Marks,
 And carefully observd, how the Ways turnd;
 At length he came where he a young Cock spy'd,
 Strutting about the Room, with wanton Pride,
 And an old Cat, lie prostrate on the Floor;
 T'wards them he creeps, the cunning Cat lay still,
 In hopes to get him further from his Hole,
 And then Regale her self with his young flesh:
 The wanton Cock, the Mouse no sooner saw,
 But after him he runs with open mouth,
 Making a hideous noise, sweeping the ground
 With his extended Wings; at which strange sight,
 The fearful Youth betakes himself to flight,
 And without looking back, got to his Hole;
 His Mother much rejoiced at his return,
 But when she saw him look so pale and wan,
 Trembling with fear, panting, and out of breath,
 What ails my Child, she cryd, where hast thou been?
 Tell me, my Joy, what strange Sights hast thou seen?
 Mother, said he, I saw two wondrous things,
 One of a Hair not much unlike to yours,
 Four Feet it had, a long Tail, flaming Eyes,
 Short Ears, a round Head, and a mild Aspect;
 Much was I taken with his Countenance,
 He seemd so Courteous, Affable, and Kind;
 As I was drawing near to hear him speak,
 The other thing, running with open mouth,
 Made to me, and had killd me, if I'd staid,

He had, Mother, methinks I see him still,
Only two Feet, his Mouth was made of Horn,
And a raw piece of Flesh grew on his Head,
His Body short, with various Colours deckt,
An upright Gate, bright Eyes, a bushy Tail,
And on his scaly Legs, he wore long Spurs.
The Mother by her Sons description, knew
What he had seen, and thus to him replyd ;
Ah foolish Child, thou knowst not good from ill,
And art not to be trusted by thy self,
That Creature, which thou thoughtst so amiable,
So Courteous, so Affable, so Kind,
Whom to discourse thou hadst so great a mind,
Is the worst Beast that lives under the Sun,
Cruel, perfidious, fraudulent, unjust,
And a sworn Enemy to all thy Kind ;
He kild, and eat thy Father, and thy Brothers,
He many Widows makes, and Childless Mothers,
He had kild thee too, if thou hadst gone near ;
Him always dread, approach not near his Tents,
If thou desirest to avoid untimely death,
If for thy Mother thou hast any love,
For my Life, dearest Child's, bound up in thine.
The other, who so proud to thee appeard,
So fierce, so cruel, so much to be feard,
Is a young frolick, wanton Fool, like thee ;
He delights not in Blood, and Cruelty,
Water he drinks, Corn is his only Food,
There's nothing in him of the treacherous Cat ;
He has a valiant Heart, and chearful Song,
And scorns to do, or suffer any wrong ;
The Assault he made on thee, was a meer Trick

Of Youth, a feignd Attack, a false Alarm,
Designd to please himself, not thee to harm.

THE MORAL.

*A chearful Countenance shews an honest Heart,
From those who wear that Badge, suspect no ill,
But when thou dealst with Men of cloudy Brows,
Pretending to more Conscience, than others,
Look to thy Hits, for they will Cheat their Brothers.*

THE BOASTER.

ONE who had travell'd far, at his return,
Told many famous Acts he had done abroad,
And this amongst the rest, that being at Rhodes,
He out-leap'd all the Inhabitants of that Isle,
Which he could by authentic witnesses prove
To whom, one of the Standers by replyd,
What need is there to muster Witnesses?
If it be true, convince us by your Deeds,
Let's see you do't.. Here's Rhodes, and there's a
Leap.

THE MORAL.

Words may be spar'd, when Deeds can be produc'd.

F A B. C I.

The Two Citizens and Ungrateful Son.

A Citizen settled his whole Estate,
In Marriage, upon his only Son,
And for a season friendly with him livd:
At length, his Sons Wife proves with-Child, and
thus

Spoke to her Husband, I am Breeding, my Dear,
And can't endure to see your Father spaul,
And smoke stinking Tobacco, in my Hall:
As you love me, and this your Child, unborn,
Laying her Hand upon her pregnant Womb,
Let it be so no more. Away he goes,
And tells his Father this Complaint of's Wife,
And prays him for the future, to look out
Some other place, wherein to Spit and Smoke.
This to the Old Man was a Thunder-clap,
But he was forc'd to yield to those hard Terms,
For they must needs go whom the Devil drives.
Next day, when he had din'd, he took his Staff,
Walkt out, to give a Visit to a Friend,
A wealthy Citizen, who had left off Trade,
And on's Estate, iⁿ th' Country livd retir'd,
Leading a chearful hospitable life,
He comes, and with great kindness is receiv'd.
After a Glas or two, the Courteous Host,
Said, Sir, in your dejected Countenance,

The

The troubles of your Mind plainly appear;
 What Evil has befalln you? tell your Friend.
 He told this Story, and tho' 'tis very bad,
 I fear, said he, the worst is still behind;
 For when my Daughter's pleas'd to give the word,
 Her Husband's so obedient, and so fond,
 I shall be turn'd out, and constrain'd to beg.
 I thought, his Friend replyd, that you had known
 The World too well, to strip your self of all,
 And trust to the good Nature of a Son,
 But what is past cannot be now undone;
 I think I have a Project in my head,
 Will settle you for your life, and you restore
 To greater Freedom, than you had before.
 If you do this, the injurd Man replied,
 You'll be to me, a Father, and a God.
 Know then, replyd his Friend, I too was once
 A wealthy Citizen, I too, had a Son,
 To whom I gave a plentiful Estate,
 To set him forth i'th' World, but not my All,
 Something I kept, against a rainy day,
 Besides a Rent Charge, upon which I live;
 I have two thousand Guineas in a Chest,
 With these I'll trust you, these at several times,
 You, and I, to your Lodgings will convey.
 What they contriv'd, they soon put in effect,
 Then by advice, th' Old Man a Sicknes feign'd,
 Doctors, and 'Pothecaries, came in shoals,
 With Clyster-pipes, and Gally-pots, and Glasses;
 To whom, when's Son profferd to pay their dues,
 Hold Child, said he, I have some Money left,
 Here, take this Key, it opens such a Trunk,

Bring

Bring thence what is sufficient: with joy
 He goes, unlocks the Trunk, and finds the Gold,
 But without breaking Bulk, returns the Key,
 And was so generous, to defray the Charge
 Of's Father's Sickness, out of his own Purse,
 The Old Man recovers, quits his Bed, comes down,
 Dines, and then proffers to go out, and Smoke
 Under a Shed, i'th' Yard, as he was wont.
 Which, when his Daughter saw, Sir, what d'you
 mean,

Stay in this Room, she said, Spit where you please,
 Use the House freely, take it for your own;
 You have been lately Sick, you're weak, and old,
 I would not for the World you should take Cold.
 And ever after, to the day of's Death,
 He was by's Daughter Honour'd, and Carefd.
 The two old Friends their Visits interchangd,
 Till all the Gold returnd from whence it came.
 And brought at several times so many Stones,
 As filld the empty Trunk up to the top,
 Loaded with Years, at length the Father dies,
 The Son performs the Funeral Obsequies,
 Then taking by the hand his joyful Wife,
 He leads her to adore the Golden Fleece,
 But finding nothing there, but Stones, and Brick,
 He stood amazd, and said, with a deep groan,
 My Ungratitude has turnd this Gold to Stone.

The MORAL.

*Put not thy Cloaths off, till thou goest to Bed,
 Part not with all thy Estate, till thou art Dead.*
 Another

Another out of J. C.

Niemand en onthleert him geern eer by slapen gaet.

That is,

Let none Undress before they go to Sleep.

Another out of the same.

Wiljie mijn Erf? wacht tot Ick sterf.

That is,

Wouldst have my Gold? stay till I'm Cold.

Or thus,

*If thou'rt desirous, Friend, my Land to have,
Wait patiently, until I am i'th' Grave.*

Another out of the Italian.

*Quanto piu l' uccello e vecchio, tant piu mal voluntieri,
Lalcia la pinna.*

To this purpose J. C.

Wat mach men van een ouden Mensch begeeren
Hoe ouder Voghel, hoe noeder, nyt de Weeren?

That

That is,

*Why should an Old Man give away's Estate?
The oldest Birds, of Feathers have most need.*

Out of J. C.

*Als de Vogel komt tot aen haer leste dagen
Dan staen de pluymen diep, en vaster alsse plagen.*

That is,

The older the Bird, the deeper and faster the Feathers.

F A B. CII.

The Herdsman.

A Herdsman rangd about the Fields, to find
A Heyfer, he had lost, and made a Vow,
To sacrifice a Kid to *Jupiter*,
If he would shew him where his strayd Beast was;
After long search, he found him in a Wood,
And a fierce Lion, feasting on his blood:
Then being ready to fall dead with fear,
O *Jove*, said he, I promis'd thee a Kid,
If thou wouldst shew me who had stole my Steer,
Conduct me back in safety to my House,
I'll give thee the best Bullock in my Stall.

The

The MORAL.

*The Gods know best what's fit for them to grant,
Men often pray for that, they had better want.*

FAB. CIII.

Mercury.

Jupiter orderd *Mercury* to prepare
A lying Potion, for all Tradesmens use;
He pounded the Ingredients in a Mortar,
Observing punctually measure and weight,
And brought it to his Patients when made up,
All of them, but the Taylor, took the Dose,
Yet there remaind much Liquor in the Cup,
All which the Taylor greedily drank off.

The MORAL.

*Ever since that, All Tradesmen have been Lyars,
But Taylors more Notorious than the rest.*

FAB. CIV.

Apollo and the Deceiver.

ONE in his own opinion, wondrous Wise,
Holding a Bird in's Hand, to *Delfi* went,
And getting near the Altar, thus he spake:
Tell me, *Apollo*, tell me presently,
Is this Bird, in my Hand, alive or dead?
Being

Being prepar'd, to prove *Apollo* lyed,
 Had he, It Lives, or It is Dead, replied:
 For if the Oracle had said, it Lives,
 He would have kill'd it, and produc'd it Dead:
 But if *Apollo* should, it's Dead, reply,
 He would shew it alive, and let it fly.
Apollo knowing his intentions, said,
 'Tis as you please, either Alive, or Dead.

The MORAL.

They Cheat their selves, who think to Cheat the Gods.

FAB. CV.

The Hart and Horse.

In the First Book of *Horace's Epistles*, and
 the Tenth Epistle, the Fable of the Hart
 and Horse is thus express'd.

CERVUS equum pugna melior communibus
 herbis
 Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
 Imploravit opes hominis, frenumque recepit:
 Sed postquam victor violens discessit ab hoste,
 Non equitem dorso, non frena de palis ore,
 Sic, qui pauperiem verius, potiusque metallis
 Libertate caret, dominum vellem improbus, atque
 Serviet aeternum quia parvo nesciet uni

FAB. CVI.

A Paraphrase of the same.

A Hart happend to quarrel with a Horse,
 And beat him out o'th' Pasture by main force.
 Who not being able to endure th' Affront,
 Retird to th' Woods, and resolv'd there to stay,
 Till he had found a sure, and speedy way
 To cancel his Disgrace, by sweet Revenge.
 At last, he fix'd upon a strange Resolve.
 In suppliant posture to crave aid of Man,
 Of Man, whom hitherto he had defied,
 And never suffer'd on his Back to ride,
 Of whom, he had been jealous all his life,
 Keeping himself untouch'd, unback'd, untam'd.
 To him he goes, and his sad Story tells,
 I'll be at your disposal, Sir, said he,
 If you'll avenge me of mine Enemy.
 The Man had often seen this stately Beast
 Wantonly galloping about the Fields,
 And much admir'd his Strength, Spirit, and Shape;
 Often employ'd both Stratagems, and Force,
 To get him into's power, but all in vain,
 And now on that design he thought no more,
 But as impossible, had given it o'er.
 Wondering to see him, on his own accord
 Render himself, his proffer he accepts,
 With joy, and promises to do him right.

Then

Then did the Horſe, with patience admit
 The Saddle, Holſters, Piſtols, Bridle, Bitt,
 And the arm'd Champion too, Booted, and Spurrd.
 His Soul was ſo intent upon Revenge,
 He did not feel the heavy Load he bore,
 Tho' never any preſt his Back before.
 With winged ſpeed, his Rider he conducts
 To his Foes Haunt, at this unwelcome Sight,
 The affrighted Hart betakes himſelf to flight,
 But being Fat, and Purſy, was ſoon tir'd,
 And by the Horſemans Spear, pierc'd thro' the ſide;
 The warm blood guſhing from his gaping wound,
 With Tyrian Purple died the Verdant ground.
 The Horſe rejoyced to ſee his Enemy dead,
 And in's return, thus to the Conqueror ſpoke;
 You have repaired my Honour, ſlain my Foe,
 Pray Sir, accept my Thanks, and let me go.
 The Man replyd, that Bargain's yet to make,
 Since I have ſerv'd your Turn, you muſt ſerve mine.
 I am your Maſter now, which ſaid, he gave
 Strict orders to his Groom, to keep him ſafe.
 Whiſt he was Young, he many Races won,
 Afterwards, hunted Fox, and Hare; being Old,
 He Plowd, and Harrowd, carried Griſt to th' Mill,
 And Lime, and ſtinking Dung to th' Fallow Field,
 Did all the Drudgery of the Houſe, ſed ill,
 Being no more regarded than an Aſs,
 And when he had finiſhd his laborious Life,
 Was at laſt, carried in a Cart to's Grave.
 He had's Revenge, but livd, and died a Slave.

POLITICAL FABLES. 113

The MORAL.

*Who lose their Liberty, and win Revenge;
Make a bad Bargain, and buy Gold too dear.*

Another.

*May they, who s' enslave England are inclin'd;
No better Usage, from their Rider, find.*

F A B. CVI.

The Calf and Ass.

A New-weand Calf, and a laborious Ass,
In the same Field, fed on the tender Grass,
And as they were i'th' midst of their repast,
The affrighted Calf cryd out, I hear a Drum,
And see a Band of Soldiers march this way,
What will become of us, if here we stay?
Let's go to the next Wood, or Cave, and hide.
'Tis best for you, to fly, the Ass replyd.
You are in greater Jeopardy, than I,
For, if you fall into your Enemies power;
It is impossible you can live an hour;
To th' Pot and Spit you go, are Boyld, and Roast;
And feast the hungry Soldiers, at your Cost;
I have no reason to dread such a Treat,
Lean Asses Flesh is not such tempting Meat,

Nor, do I fear, to be a Captive led,
 For, I, where ere I live, must earn my Bread :
 My Fate's the same, set me down where you please,
 There is no place where Asses live at Ease :
 I can't expect Fortune should change her Stile,
 And in my latter days vouchsafe a Smile ;
 She ever has, ever will, me expose
 To Hunger, heavy Burthens, and hard Blows.
 Without concern, I hear the Trumpet sound,
 Nor do I care, by whom the Battle's won,
 Either French, or English, Ottoman, or Hun,
 I must remain a Slave, till my Life's done.

The MORAL.

*It concerns those who have Money in their Purse,
 From Innovations, to preserve the State.
 Unalterable is the Poor Man's Fate ;
 He may change Masters, and be ne'er the worse.*

FAB. CVII.

Hope.

HHealth, Wisdom, Wealth, Empire, and all the
 Goods
 That Mankind can enjoy, or can desire,
 Were put into a Pot, and seald it up,
 Then gave it to a Friend, on Earth, to keep,
 With a Command, he should not break the Seal ;
 But he could not refrain therein to peep.

Upon

POLITICAL FABLES. 115

Upon the opening of the Port, they all
Return'd in haste, to Heaven, from whence they
came.

Only Hope, loath to depart, stay'd on the Brim.
And ever since, is to the Afflicted Kind,
Loving their Company, whom Fortune hates.

The MORAL.

*Hope, of all Miseries that Men endure,
Is the only Cheap, and Universal Cure.* Cowley.

F A B. CVIII.

The Nose.

WHat shall I do with this prodigious Nose:
On which a cluster of young Noses grows,
Of various Magnitudes, and different Shapes,
All Red as Rubies, or *Burgundian* Grapes.

A Nose that's pointed at by all I meet,
That frights the Boys and Women in the street,
And my self too, when, in a Glass, I see't.

A Nose, that every hour, worse and worse grows.
I can't endure it longer. Off it goes.

Bring me a Razor, Boy, or a sharp Knife.

Thus spoke, a Man, weary of's Nose, and Life.

But when the Knife toth' root of's Nose was laid,
He stopt, and to himself thus calmly said:

Hold,

Hold, think a while, may I not, by this Fact,
 Incur the Penalties of the Coventry Act?
 Instead of mending, shall I not spoil my Face,
 And bring upon me, Pain, Expence, Disgrace:
 Strangers will swear 'twas a Venereal Wound,
 And shun my Conversation, as Unsound.
 Out of the same Glass they'll refuse to drink,
 And stop their Noses, at my Notches, stink.
 My Smart will be increas'd, my Cure delayd,
 Until the Surgeon's bountifully payd.
 I shall repent too late, when thou art gone,
 'Tis better to have an Ugly Nose, than none.
 If we two part, I run risque of my Life.
 Nose, keep thy Place, Boy, take away the Knife.

The MORAL,

Some Remedies are worse than the Disease.

F A B. CIX.

The Traveller and Tortoise.

A Traveller, on a long Journey bent,
 Enter'd a Wood, just as the Day was spent,
 Ready to faint, and resolv'd there to sleep,
 Until the Sun should out o' th' Ocean peep.
 To get new Strength, and fresh Spirits create.
 Then, as he thought, he on a Hillock sat.
 But, what to him appear'd a rising Land,
 Was a great Tortoise, coverd o'er with Sand.

Who

Who, pinch'd with hunger, travelld all the Night
 In search of Food, to appease his Appetite.
 Cropping the tender Herbs, he found in's way,
 Without making a Halt, or the least stay.
 His constant, tho' slow motion, much ground rid,
 And brought him, far from thence, where he lay hid
 Next morn, the Traveller about him gazd,
 And stood surprizd, confounded; and amazd
 At the great Alteration of the Scene,
 And could not comprehend what it should mean:
 What a strange Metamorfosis is this?
 All things I saw last Night, this day I miss.
 When I sat down to sleep, he said, there stood
 A Rocky Mountain, and orelookt the Wood.
 A stately Palace grac'd a pleasant Hill
 On my right hand, why is it not there still?
 Is it removd, pull'd up by th' roots, or sunk?
 Have I my Wits lost? am I Mad, or Drunk?
 Nothing its Place, nothing its Shape has kept,
 Besides this Sandy Bank, on which I slept.
 Then, taking of it, an attentive view,
 He saw it move, and what it was he knew.

The MORAL.

*Time passes unperceiv'd, Pale Death draws near,
 And steals us hence, before we know we are here.*

Who, pinching with hunger, travell'd all the Night

In search of food, to appease his Appetite.

Crooping the tender Fa B CX

The Birds and Fenix.

IN former Times, the Empire of the Birds

Did not belong to the Kings Eldest Son,

Or any other of the Royal Blood,

But was dispos'd of, as the States thought good.

The Bird, who had most Votes in the Grand Diet,

Was own'd King, and possess'd the Throne in quiet.

Of that Assembly, such the Customs were,

It was, freely, Elected every Year.

Out of each several Species of Birds,

But might not Act, until the King was dead.

Freedom of Speech, Liberty in Debates,

Were Fundamental Privileges of those States.

The greatest, and the least, were Equal there,

None were brow-beaten, none of them domineer'd :

The Wren was not despis'd, nor the Eagle fear'd.

No Votes were to be bought, or sold ; no Bribes

Given, to corrupt the Officers, or Scribes :

And many more, too long, here to insert.

A King died, and the August Assembly met,

A fit Successor on the Throne to set.

The first day of the Sessions, 'twas decreed,

No Bird of Prey should to the Crown succeed ;

For they had, heretofore, their Tyranny felt.

This rais'd the Ostriches, and Peacocks hopes,

To obtain the Crown, by their Embroider'd Copes,

The

POLITICAL FABLES. 119

The Pulses of some of the House they tried,
 But found themselves, even by their Friends, denied.
 Several Factions, and Cabals were fram'd,
 But, before any Candidate was nam'd,
 A Politic Parrot to the Rostrum fled,
 A Parrot, by a Learned Doctor bred,
 Who often to him talk'd, and sometimes read,
 And with Chymeric Notions fill'd his Head,
 Out of old Legends, and Romances culld,
 Wherewith the World had a long time been gull'd.
 Having crav'd Audience, he his Speech began :
 Let not this Noble Senate take it ill,
 That I presume, my Advice to interpose,
 Hear it then, if you think fit, with me close.
 Under the Cope of Heaven, there is but one,
 Of all the Birds, worthy to mount the Throne,
 No more than One. Then he the Fenix nam'd,
 And on his Vertues, a long hour declaim'd,
 With so Pathetic, and Perswasive Note,
 That it upon the Attentive Senate wrought
 To choose the Fenix, by Unanimous Vote.
 'Twas next debated, how the Instrument
 Of his Election, might to th' King be sent ;
 And how the Ambassadors should find the Road,
 For they were all i'th' dark, as to's Abode.
 Ten thousand Couriers, with expanded Wing,
 Were sent abroad, in Quest of this new King.
 They visit'd every Climate, every Zone,
 All parts o'th' Globe, which yet remain unknown :
 Seas, Mountains, Lakes, every Hill, every Plain,
 Caves, Grotto's, Hermites Cells, but all in vain.
 Tho'

Tho' a strict search was made, all the World round;
This PERFECT KING could never yet be found.

The MORAL.

Britannia bless thy Fate, thy Prince revere,
If there's a FENIX in the World, 'tis here.

FINIS.

Id.
Id.
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